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JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York. We Publish the Following Extracts from this Book by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents chiefly to satirizing the Anglo Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL, JR.," Etc. This book is his latest production, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

CHAPTER X.

I am afraid it will make my readers' lips water, but here is a list of some American fortunes as I have heard them stated

Name	Capital.	Revenue at 5 per cent.
J Gould	$275,000,000	$13,750,000
J W Mackay .	200,500,000	12,500,000
C Vanderbilt . .	125,000,000	6,250,000
G P J nes	100,000,000	5,000,000
J J Astor	90,000,000	4,500,000
A T Stewart ...	40,000,000	2,000,000
J G Bennett ..	30,000,000	1,500,000

These are the princes of the Land of the Dollar. The largest English fortunes fall short of these figures. The Duke of Westminster is reckoned at only $90,000,000, that of the Duke of Sutherland at $75,000,000, the Duke of Northumberland has $25,000,000, and the Marquis of Bute $20,000,000.

It is in mines and railways especially that the colossal American fortunes have been made.

I have not seen the town house or the country house of Mr Gould but I know that in the grounds of the latter stand conservatories estimated to be worth $250,000. I trust this will give an idea of what the rest may be.

I cannot guarantee that Mr Gould is a happy man. Concerning millionaire fortune a witty American friend, rich in moderation, and a great philosopher, said to me one day:

"No man can own more than a million dollars. When his bank account outgrows that, he does not own it, it owns him, and he becomes its slave."

The Americans, having no king in our sense of the word, make the most of those they have, republicans though they be. To read the pedigrees, published in full every time a death occurs in one of these rich families, is highly entertaining. A Mrs. Astor died while I was in America, and, after the enumeration of her charms and virtues, which were many, came the list of John Jacobs from whom her husband had sprung. The Astors were all John Jacobs apparently, and were mentioned as John Jacob I, John Jacob II and John Jacob III. The line does not go back very far, John Jacob I having gone to America as a poor emigrant early in this century, I believe, and laid the foundation of the present grandeur of his house by trading in furs.

It will not do to inquire too closely into the way in which some of America's millionaires have amassed wealth. Strange stories are told of men so grasping that they stopped at nothing, even to the ruining of their own sons. When I saw Mr Bronson Howard's clever play "The Henrietta," in which he portrays a son so madly engrossed by the excitement of gambling on the stock exchange as to try and absorb his father's millions, I thought the picture was overdrawn. Americans, however, told me that the case was historical, but with the characters reversed—which made it still more odious.

As for the colossal fortunes of railway kings, it is well known how thousands of small ones go to make them, how the rich man's palace is too often built with the stones of hundreds of ruined homes.

There is no other name than "king" used in speaking of the few great financiers, who hold the bulk of the railway stock in America. But they are not the only ones. There are oil kings, copper kings, silver kings, and I know not what other majesties in America, and when one sees the power possessed by these, and the numberless trusts, combinations and pools, a power pressing often very closely on the million, you wonder how the Americans, who found one king one too many, should submit so patiently to being governed by scores.

CHAPTER XI.

The liberty enjoyed by American girls astonishes the English as much as the liberty of the English girl surprises the French.

From the age of 18, the American girl is allowed almost every liberty. She takes the others. She can travel alone, and go to concerts and even to theatres unattended by a chaperon.

She is supplied with pocket money, which she spends at her own sweet will in bonbons, knicknacks and jewelry. If there is none left for the milliner and dressmaker, papa is coaxed to pay them. She visits and receives whom she pleases—I mean those who please her. She has her own circle of acquaintances. If, at a ball, she meet with a young man who takes her fancy, I do not say touches her heart, she says to him: "I am at home on such a day; come and see me." Next day he may send her a ticket for a theatre and be her escort for the evening. He may bring her flowers, offer her refreshments after the play, and take her home in a carriage. In America, all this seems to be the most natural thing in the world. This leads to no intimacy, for a few days later it may happen that he meets the young lady at a ball, and she comes up to him, and says: "I want to present you to a friend; do tell me your name, I quite forget it."

The American girl, who appears to us French so giddy and even fast, seems to me to act according to the dictates of common sense. Tired of the old formula, "A lady cannot do that, it would be improper," she says: "I will do it, and if I choose to do it, it becomes proper." It is for woman herself to make the law on these matters. "Why should I not go to the theatre alone?" she says again; "if your streets are impure, it is for you to cleanse them. Why should I not receive my ball partners who please me? If one of them were to profit by my seeing him alone in the drawing room to take a liberty with me, he would be an ill bred fellow, and I should have him properly shown out of the house, and certainly it is not for such as he that I should change my habits."

In trains, where the seats are constructed to hold two persons, you will see the American seek a place from one end of the train to the other before he will go and seat himself by the side of a young girl. He will only do so when there is no help for it. I have many times noticed men standing up in the local trains, rather than run the risk of incommoding a young girl by sharing a seat with her. And I am not speaking now of gentlemen only, but of men belonging to the middle, if not lower, class—if the word "class" may be used speaking of Americans.

With what pleasure I remember the young American girls whom I occasionally met at Parisian parties in my youthful days. Their pretty bright faces, their elegance, their unconventional charm of manner and animated, natural conversation—all these enchanted me. One never felt awkward with them. Whereas with a French young girl I could generally find nothing to say but commonplaces to say, in the presence of Jonathan's merry maidens I lost my timidity and could chat away with as little embarrassment as I would with a young brother officer of my regiment.

The American girl is still without rivals in Parisian drawing rooms, where she is more and more sought after. Men seek her for her gaiety wit or beauty, mothers look favorably upon her for her dollars, the younger women tear her to shreds—nothing is wanting to her success.

And what spirit there was in their dancing! What animation! What eyes lit up with pleasure! Not a moment's flagging; they danced with as much suppleness at 5 in the morning as at the beginning of the evening. And why not, indeed? Such pleasures are harmless, and it is not because a woman has danced much in her girlhood that she should lead her husband a dance, when she has one.

Good scholars are as easy to discover in the recreation ground as in the class room. The morality of a youth is in direct proportion to the delight he takes in play, that of a girl may be measured by her gayety and high spirits.

I shall never forget a young American girl who sat at the same table as myself on board the steamer. The dear child, who was about 17, performed prodigies. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and watched her with never flagging interest. What appetites! What a little table d'hote ogress! I trembled for our supplies and wondered whether the company had foreseen the danger.

First of all, at 7 in the morning, tea and bread and butter was taken to the hungry one in her cabin. At half-past 8 she breakfasted. At this meal, she generally went straight through the bill of fare. At 11 she had beef tea and biscuits brought to her on deck. Lunch time found her ready for three courses of solid food, besides pastry, fruit, etc. At 6 o'clock, she did valiantly again, and at 10 she was regularly served with a Welsh rarebit, or some other tasty trifle. Notwithstanding this, I rarely met her on deck, or in the corridors, but she was munching sweets, gingerbread or chocolate.

After all, there are so few distractions on board ship! Men smoke, play poker, or indulge in a little betting on the run of the ship. Some people sleep, some try to think, but unsuccessfully, others read, some ladies knit. The American girl eats.

The American girl likes men's society for several reasons. First, because she is well educated and able to talk on almost all topics. She can talk knicknacks and pretty nonsense, but if she knows how to describe the "cunningest bonnet" lately invented in Paris, she can also tell you all about Octave Feuillet's latest novel, or even Herbert Spencer's latest work. She likes men's society, because it enlarges her circle of acquaintances, and also because it increases her chances of making a good match. No matter how much of a butterfly she may be, she never loses sight of the fact ira. She does not say, as she sits musing on marriage: "What kind of man shall I suit?" but "What kind of man shall I choose?"

The constant aspiration of these young republicans is to be one day countess, marchioness or duchess.

The number of European coats of arms which have been taken out of pawn, or regilt, with American dollars, is enormous.

Not long ago, a writer on the staff of The Paris Figaro counted, among the guests in one of the most select drawing rooms of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, thirty-seven American ladies bearing thirty-seven names of the most authentic French nobility. To name only those which are present at the moment in my memory, the Princesse Murat, mother of the Duchesse de Mouchy, is American; the Marquise de Chaveloup-Laulat is American; the Comtesse de Saint-Ronan, la Generale de Charette, the Comtesse de Chevigne and the Comtesse de Ganay are Americans. The daughters of the great democracy have become not only French in heart, but as royalist as the most ultramontane of our old dowagers.

Every one knows how many American women the English aristocracy counts in its bosom, and that that most Tory and most powerful political association, called the Primrose league, originated with Lady Randolph Churchill, the young and handsome daughter of Mr. Jerome of New York.

That passion for rich marriages, which burns in the heart of so many young American women, often leads them to disastrous results.

If one may trust one's eyes, American law allows young girls to marry their grandfathers, or at least the contemporaries of these worthies.

It is not rare, I may say it is quite common, to see girls of 18 and 20 married to men of 70 and over.

An American told me that he once went a long journey in the same railway car with an infirm, hoary old man of 80, who was accompanied by a girl of scarce more than 20. This young woman was strikingly beautiful. My American friend admitted to me that the sight of her lovely face had the effect of making him fall quite in love with her before their five days' journey was over. He did not have an opportunity of conversing with her, but on arriving at their destination, he resolved to put up at the same hotel as the old man, so as to perhaps have a chance of making more ample acquaintance with his fair charge. To find out the name of the young girl and her venerable grandfather, he waited to sign his name in the hotel register, until the patriarch had inscribed his own. Imagine his feelings when he read:

"Mr. X. and wife."

Here is a joke that I culled from a Washington paper. Is it a joke?

"A bachelor lately advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from 37 to 87; but it made no difference, for he received over 200 applications from ladies ranging from 16 to 60, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence."

Here is another which I extract from a comic paper. The author seems to believe that the American mother does not look on such marriages with displeasure.

"Mother—So you have engaged yourself to Mr Jones. You must be a goose. He has neither fortune nor position. I know he may one day be well off, his grandfather may leave him part of his fortune, perhaps.

"Daughter—But, mamma, it is his grandfather I am engaged to.

"Mother—Kiss me, my child, you are an angel."

The real American girl admires male qualities in man. The perfumed dandy, dressed in the latest fashion, the "dude," as he is called in the States, is not her admiration, she prefers a little roughness to too much polish. At a large reception given in the New York Union League club in the early part of the year, I asked a young lady who were ten or a dozen young men who did not miss a single dance.

"Oh!" she replied with an air of sovereign contempt, "a few young dudes who have been invited by the club just to keep up the dancing, marionettes, you know."

CHAPTER XII.

In a country where woman is a spoilt child, petted and made so much of, who can do and dare almost anything, it is strange to find women who are not content with their lot, but demand the complete emancipation of their sex.

American women asking for complete emancipation! It makes one smile.

I was talking one evening with Mrs. Devereux Blake, the chief of the movement—a middle aged lady, of a fluent, agreeable conversation, who has declared war to the knife against the tyrant man.

"You must excuse me," I said to her, "if I ask questions, I am anxious to learn. I have submitted so many times to the interviewing process in your country that I feel as if I had a right to interview the Americans a little in my turn. The American woman appears to me ungrateful not to be satisfied with her lot. She seems to rule the roost in the United States."

"No," replied Mrs. Blake, "she does not, but she ought."

"But she certainly does," I insisted.

"De facto, perhaps, but de jure, no."

"What do you want more?"

"The right to make laws."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The right of voting for candidates for congress, and even the right to a seat in the house of representatives."

"This appears to me a little exacting, and almost unfair," I observed timidly. "You probably already make your husbands vote as you please, if, added to this, you are going to throw your own votes into the electoral urns, it means the extinction of man, neither more nor less, and as Leon Gozlan says: 'It is perhaps as well that there should be two sexes, for some time longer at all events.' My dear lady, you are spoilt children, and spoilt children are never satisfied."

A lady, who enjoyed that most esteemed of woman's rights, the right to be pretty, gave me some very curious details on the subject of New York life. We were speaking of the security of women in the large cities, and of the risk they ran in going out alone after nightfall.

"I have been struck with the respectability of your American streets," I said to her. "One never sees vice flaunting by daylight, and in the evening, whenever I have been through the great arteries of your city, I have seldom seen anything that could shock the eyes of an honest woman. In Paris the boulevards are infested with street walkers from 8 o'clock in the evening, and the evil is much worse in London, where from 4 or 5 in the afternoon a whole district is given over to them."

"You are right," said the lady; "but if the streets of New York are respectable, it is thanks to us. If we had waited until the men swept our pavements, we should have had to wait a long time. We cleaned them ourselves."

"What do you mean?"

"A few years ago several young women, among whom I might name members of our best society, resolved upon going alone in the evenings, and of striking the first man who dared to accost them. They persevered for a long while, and finally succeeded in accomplishing the disinfection of the main streets. Vice still exists, but it keeps within doors, and hides instead of parading itself. If you are able to go out at night with your wife, or even your young daughters, if a lady can go to the theatre alone, and, if it please her, return home on foot, it is to us that thanks are due. And do you not think that women, young, good looking and well bred, who could master their disgust so far as to do that which the authorities were too cowardly to undertake, are not worthy to have a deliberate voice in the councils of the nation?"

I could not answer this.

I am going to launch a rather dangerous assertion.

It seems to me that the American woman does not render to man a hundredth part of the adoration he renders to her. If love could spring from gratitude, Jonathan would be the most beloved of men.

But does love ever spring from gratitude?

In the eyes of the American woman man has his good points. He insures her a good position when he marries her, he works hard to satisfy her smallest wishes, and so long as his signature has any value at the foot of a check this will be an extenuating circumstance in his favor.

This spirit of independence in woman produces excellent results, it must be confessed.

You find in America women who by their talents have won for themselves positions which numbers of men might envy. And do not imagine that I am speaking of blue stockings, spectacled spinsters, disdained of Cupid. Not at all. The American woman has always tact enough to remain womanly. Even among the heroines of the platform I have always noticed a little touch of coquetry, which proves to me that man is not in imminent danger of being suppressed in America.

Only a few days after I set foot in New York, a friend took me to visit the offices of the principal newspapers of the city. Passing along a corridor in The World's offices, I remarked a lady writing in one of the rooms. My friend led the way in, and presented me to her. I found her to be a pretty brunette of about twenty or twenty-two, delightfully piquante, and with most distinguished manners. I was struck with her simple bearing and her intelligent expression, and, on leaving the room, naturally wanted to know to whom I had had the pleasure of being introduced. I then learned that this young American girl did all the literary reviewing and gossip for The New York World, and took up as large a salary as one of the best writers on the staff of The Paris Figaro.

The St. Nicholas Magazine is conducted by a lady, Mrs. Dodge.

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Frank Leslie has carried on, under her own management, the numerous magazines which issue from the house founded by that gentleman.

The largest newspapers, and all the principal reviews, have ladies on their staffs.

Mrs. Mary Louise Booth, who directs The Harper's Bazar, receives a salary of $8,000.

The two editors of The Critic are Miss Jeannette L. Gilder and Mr Joseph B Gilder, sister and brother of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, poet, and chief editor of The Century Magazine, who himself has for colleagues Mr. Buel and a talented lady.

I might name many more.

The education of the women being in America very much the same as that of the men, ladies naturally may aspire to many employments which, in Europe, are looked upon as being the monopoly of man.

CHAPTER XIII.

The New England descendants of the Puritans have inherited a more than British prudery.

The word "leg" is improper, you must say "lower limb." Trousers have become "lower garments." Instead of going to bed, people "retire," so that the bedroom becomes the "retiring room."

A lady having said not long ago in a Philadelphia drawing room that she felt cold in her back, created a veritable panic among the hostess' guests.

I read the following piece of information in a New York paper among the news from a New England city:

"The authorities have begun a crusade against the nude in art. One of the wealthiest gentlemen in the city will be proceeded against for keeping in his house copies of the Venus of Milo, the Venus de Medici, Canova's Venus, Powers' Greek Slave, the Laocoon, and other works."

During my stay in New York, I was constantly hearing of a certain Mr Anthony Comstock, who had attained celebrity by a campaign he had undertaken against nudities. Mr Comstock visited the museums, galleries, exhibitions and shops, and, whenever he found a bit of flesh portrayed in paint or marble, he went before the magistrates and had a grand field day. I must say, for the credit of the New Yorkers, that Mr. Comstock had earned for himself a reputation as grotesque as it was noisy. To take up such a line of censorship is, it seems to me, to publish one's own perversity, and the individual whose mind is so ill informed that he cannot look at an artistic counterfeit presentment of the human form divine without thinking evil thoughts, is to be pitied, if not despised.

But I suppose there will always be quack doctors with the cant of virtue on their lips and filthy imaginations in their hearts.

Meanwhile, the American newspapers seemed to look upon Mr Comstock as a legitimate target for their jokes and satire.

The New England ladies have the reputation of being the most easily shocked women in the world. An American gentleman told me that a Philadelphia lady at whose side he was seated one day at table, grew red to her ears on being helped to either the wing or the leg of a chicken she preferred.

Are the New England women Shantos—Nitouches?

CHAPTER XIV.

Jonathan is the cousin german of John Bull, but yet not so German as one might imagine, for, if Germany supplies America with two or three hundred thousand immigrants yearly, these Germans do not Germanize America, on the contrary, they themselves become Americanized, thanks to that faculty of assimilation which they possess in such a high degree.

One strong proof of this is the way in which women are treated from one end of the United States to the other. And here I may say that in this matter Jonathan sets John Bull an example which the latter would do well to profit by.

Whilst English justice gives merely one or two months' imprisonment to the man who is found guilty of having almost kicked his wife to death, an American town is in arms at the mere rumor of a man having maltreated a woman.

Sometimes the chastisement takes a comic form. There are few distractions in the little American towns, and native humor finds an outlet in strange fashions. A man who ill treats his wife, or forsakes her for another woman, is often tarred and feathered. The operation is curious and satisfies the vengeance of the populace, while procuring them an hour's amusement.

The delinquent is led, sometimes to the sound of music, to a retired spot. There he is stripped to the skin and coated over with tar from head to foot. This done, he is rolled in feathers, which of course stick to him and give him the appearance of an immense ugly duckling. To give a finishing to the operation, his clothes are sometimes carried off, and the mob wish him good luck.

This chastisement is often applied to a woman whose conduct is known to be immoral. In such cases I need not say it is the women who operate on the culprit. They want their husbands and sons to be able to get about without danger, and they take upon themselves the task of keeping the moral atmosphere of the neighborhood healthy. The idea appears primitive, but morality thrives by it.

The susceptibilities of American women are sometimes very easily wounded.

A paper having announced a man's death under the heading: "John K. gone to a better home," the widow brought an action of libel against the editor.

The further west one goes the more apparent becomes the power of the women, the further west one goes the rarer does woman get. Is this the reason?

To every American hotel there is a ladies' entrance. This is to prevent contamination from the possible contact of man. When it rains or snows an awning is thrown out over the pavement, but I dare say a permanent triumphal arch will ultimately be demanded by the ladies.

Here is a little story which would supply a very good subject to the novelist or the dramatist.

Idaho territory lies very far west indeed, and there is an alarming scarcity of women there. This has been curiously illustrated of late in the town of Wagon Wheel.

Recently two young ladies traveled to that remote region to attend to their dying brother. The poor fellow did not long require their services, and immediately after his death the sisters prepared to return home. Before, however, they could get away, nearly the whole population of the town—headed by the mayor and other high officials—were making matrimonial overtures to them. Feeling ran very high during five or six anxious days, and the mayor's eminence, despite his mature years, ruled the betting at six to one. At the end of the week both young ladies had capitulated, and were duly engaged. The mayor was, however, cut out by a handsome young miner. The wedding day was fixed, and the mother of the young ladies was summoned upon the scene. Here troubles began. She duly arrived, but was hotly indignant with her daughters for the scant respect which they had manifested toward their brother's memory by such indecent haste to wed. The girls explained that they had literally been besieged, and had yielded to the overwhelming force of circumstances. As usual, explanations increased the offense, and the mother vowed that neither of them should be married out there at all—that, in fact, the engagements were "off," and that they must be off too. The cup of felicity was thus rudely dashed from the lips of the two accepted men, and they made haste to tell their sorrows to the town. An indignation meeting was held, and the mayor appointed a committee to wait upon the irate matron in order to ask her to reconsider her resolution. The mayor, with rare magnanimity, considering the cruel blow his own hopes had just received, placed himself at the head of the deputation, and in the name of patriotism implored the good lady to grant the petition, which he ardently urged. She, however, stood firmly on her parental rights, and declared that she would not leave the town without her two daughters. Then the genius of the mayor shone forth like the sun, and proved equal to the occasion. He blandly proposed a compromise. Why need she leave at all? He drew her attention—of course in most delicate terms—to the fact that she was fair, plump, and fifty odd, and that similar language might be taken as descriptive of himself. There and then he offered her his hand and heart, and the young ladies a kind father and protector.

That settled the matter, and three marriages took place with a great flourish of trumpets at Wagon Wheel.

CHAPTER XV.

In America gentlemen's dress is plain, even severe. A high hat, black coat, dark trousers. Fancy cloth is little used, even in traveling.

I remember well the sensation I created with a pair of light gray trousers in a small Pennsylvania town. Every one seemed to look at me as if I had been a strange animal. In the hotel the waitresses nudged one another, and scarcely repressed a giggle, and the street urchins followed me as if I had been a member of the Sioux tribe in national costume. The day after my arrival, one of the local papers announced that a Frenchman had landed in the town the day before "in white trousers," and that his popularity had been as prompt as decisive.

American ladies dress very well as a rule, but there a great number who cover themselves with furbelows and jewels, and so long as each item is costly, trouble themselves little about the general effect.

American women have plenty of style of their own, and show a great deal of distinction and grace, but they always look dressed for conquest. It is well to be it, but not well to show it. They are apt to laugh at the toilet of English women, and model their own dress on French lines. For my part, I think that nothing can surpass a fresh, young English girl in a cotton dress and simple straw hat.

The fashionable headgear, during my sojourn in the states was a high, narrow construction, perched on the top of the head, and surmounted with feathers. At a certain distance, it gave its wearer the look of an irate cockatoo.

There are French milliners in New York. I believe Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes protests that they deteriorate on American soil. I remember we got upon this subject, during a pleasant chat about his early days in Paris, and he said: "By the time a French milliner has been six months in New York, she will make a bonnet to frighten a Choctaw Indian."

At the theatre, women wear silk, which prevents one from hearing, and hats a foot high, which prevent one from seeing.

American ball toilets are ravishing. Here the diamonds are in place. I do not know any gayer, more intoxicating sight than an American ball room. The display of luxury is on a gigantic scale. The walls are covered with flowers, the rooms artistically lighted, the dancing animated, and the true spirit of gayety everywhere visible. The young women are ideal in beauty and brilliancy, and if it were not for the atmosphere, which is hot enough to hatch silk worms, you would pass the evening in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

The wives of men with middle class incomes imitate the luxury of the millionaire's wife. I expected to find it so, in a democratic country frogs try to swell into oxen. They puff themselves out until they burst, or rather until their husbands burst.

In France always, and in England when he will let her, a wife keeps an eye on her husband's interests. In America, she often lays hands on his capital.

CHAPTER XVI.

There is no country where you hear so many good anecdotes, and no country where they are so well told.

The Americans are delightful raconteurs; they are past masters in the art of making those light, graceful, witty little speeches, which give to their dinners such a unique charm. Then the humor is delicate, the wit of the brightest. Irony and elegance combine to make these discourses veritable little literary gems.

Here is a specimen of Gen. Horace Porter's drollery—a portrait of an old typical Puritan, given at a "New England" dinner:

"The old Puritan was not the most rollicking, the jolliest, the most playful of men. He at times amused himself sadly. He was given to a mild disregard of the conventionalities. He had suppressed bear baiting, not, it is believed, because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the audience. He found the Indians were the proprietors of the land, and he felt constrained to move against them with his gun, with a view to increasing the number of absentee landlords. He found the Indians on one side and the witches on the other. He was surrounded with troubles. He had to keep the Indians under fire and the witches over it. These were some of the things that reconciled that good man to sudden death. He never let the sun go down upon his wrath, but he, no doubt, often wished that he was in that region near the pole where the sun does not go down for six months at a time and gives wrath a fair chance to materialize. He was a thoughtful man. He spent his days inventing snow plows and his evenings in sipping hot rum and ruminating upon the probable strength of the future prohibition vote. Those were times when the wives remonstrated with their husbands regarding the unfortunate and disappointing results of too much drink, particularly when it led the men to go out and shoot at Indians—and miss them. These men generally began drinking on account of the bite of a snake, and usually had to quit on account of attacks from the same reptiles."

Gen. Porter was kind enough to introduce me to a New York audience on one occasion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the general without relaxing a muscle of his face, "I claim your indulgence on behalf of the speaker who is going to address you. He has to speak in a foreign tongue not his own, and, besides, he has not the assurance of some of our countrymen, who, when their throats are tired, can speak through their noses."

American women run their husbands and fathers very close in the matter of wit. Their wit is apt to be a little more sarcastic, perhaps. They are not women for nothing.

CHAPTER XVII.

Humor only springs in simple, unaffected characters. You find it in the Scotch. It overflows in the well bred American, who is the prince of good fellows.

The Americans are so good at taking a joke, so good tempered that, even in public, they enjoy to banter each other and serve as butts for each other's sarcasms, it is on these occasions that American humor is allowed free play. There are even "Gridiron" clubs, clubs where guests are invited only to be put on the grill. The most famous of these is the Clover club at Philadelphia. Outside Paradise there is no place where men are treated with so little regard to their rank.

"Gentlemen," says the president, "I have the honor to propose the first toast of the evening. Let us fill our glasses and drink to the honorable member of congress on my right. I doubt not you will push your amiability and patience so far as to listen to his speech in respectful silence. He will be all the more proud to have an audience to-night, because, as we all know, when the honorable member gets up to make a speech at Washington the benches begin to empty by magic. Gentlemen, give him a chance."

The congressman takes the joke merrily, and thus commences his speech:

"Gentlemen—I mean members of the Clover Club."

The members pocket the satire with a hearty laugh.

Presently comes the turn of the second speaker.

This one speaks in a scarcely audible voice.

"Raise your voice!" cry the members.

"I'm sorry you cannot hear," quietly answers the speaker, "come nearer."

The cries of "louder!" continue.

"If I speak low," says the interrupted man, "it is in order to get down to your level."

This convulsed the assembly with laughter I was aghast.

Can it be possible, I thought, that they will stand that? The joke may be new and funny, but surely it is being carried beyond the bounds. If such things went on in France, one would see duels going on in all the retired spots of the neighborhood next morning.

The president rises once more.

My turn has come.

Scarcely have I heard the word "Gentlemen," when a volley of shouts and whistlings greets me.

I see that I am not going to be spared.

"Excuse me," I continue, "perhaps I had better explain to you why I accepted your invitation. Since I am in America I mean to study the customs and manners of the people. With this object in view, it would not do for me to confine myself to good society, and I have determined to make a study this evening."

"That's right," whispers my neighbor in way of encouragement. "continue in that strain and you will do."

For hours the speechifying goes on, mixed with music, recitations, songs and anecdotes.

At 2 in the morning toasts and guests separate, declaring that they have had a "real good time."

The Clover club is a first rate leveler. Any man, whose self esteem has been over cultivated, can be supplied by this club with wholesome physic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I think the following anecdote illustrates the delicacy of eastern wit:

Philadelphia, whether justly or not, has the reputation of being very dead and alive, and many are the jokes on its dullness. A Bostonian was doing the honors of his native city to a friend from Philadelphia. Having shown him all the points of interest in the place, he asked if he did not think Boston a fine city.

"Yes, it is very nice," said the Pennsylvania man, "but I do not think it is so well laid out as Philadelphia."

"No," rejoined the Bostonian, "but it will be when it is as dead as Philadelphia."

(To be Continued.)

Maxims for the Housekeeper.

The house showeth the owner
Anger at a feast betrays the boor.
In a good house all is quickly ready
As the year is so must your pot seethe
Everything is of use to a housekeeper
He that is at ease seeks dainties.
Better be meals many than one too merry
He that saveth his dinner will have the more supper.
Never haggle about the basket if you get the fruit.
There is winter enough for the snipe and woodcock too.
Squeeze not the orange too hard, lest you have a bitter juice.
They who have little butter must be content to spread thin their bread.
Many a good dish is spoiled by an ill sauce.
The biggest calf makes not the sweetest veal.
When the stomach chimes the dinner hour don't wait for the clock.—Table Talk.

The Daft Motor.

The Daft Electric company continue their experiments with the large motor and trains of cars on the Ninth Avenue Elevated railway in this city. Some weeks ago a train of eight cars was taken up a grade of nearly 9 per cent at a speed of seven miles and a half an hour. On several occasions a speed of thirty miles an hour, with three cars, has been reached. The regular train speed on the Ninth Avenue road is thirteen miles an hour, but with the electric motor no difficulty is found in maintaining a speed of fifteen miles an hour. A Science representative was one of a party, a few evenings ago, who were carried over the road from Fourteenth to Fiftieth street at a speed approaching twenty miles an hour. The motion was smooth and easy, and there was nothing but the entire absence of smoke, smell and cinders to indicate that the train was not drawn by an ordinary locomotive.—Science (New York).

As Chicagoans Pronounce It.

Most of the eastern people call it Illynoys, and most of the western people call it Illinoy. The proper pronunciation of the word is 'Eel-en-wah," the ultimate being pronounced a la Francais de Coquelin. Illinois is an Indian-French word signifying "men now on earth." The word is properly pronounced in Missouri, where the aboriginals seem to have retained the ancient Iroquois (Ir-ro-kwah) dialect in all its native purity. From them we learn that Saint Louis is Sunt Loo-uh, and that Kansas City is Kayn's Sut-tuh.—Chicago News.

TO PRESERVE THE SOFTNESS OF FLANNEL GARMENTS, FOLLOW CAREFULLY THESE DIRECTIONS FOR WASHING.

Dissolve thoroughly in boiling water some IVORY SOAP, shaved fine. Add sufficient warm water to wash the flannels in one by one.

Don't rub any soap on the flannels, but knead them well in the solution.

Don't rinse them in plain water, use a fresh supply of the solution, warm, and well blued, for the purpose.

Don't wring tightly with the hands, use a clothes-wringer. The freer from water you get these garments the softer they will be.

Hang them out immediately, if the weather will permit; if not, dry before the fire. If left to stand wet, the flannel will certainly shrink.

Never wash flannel in water too hot to bear your hand in.

Never rinse them in cold water.

Always use IVORY SOAP, it is the best, much experience has proved this.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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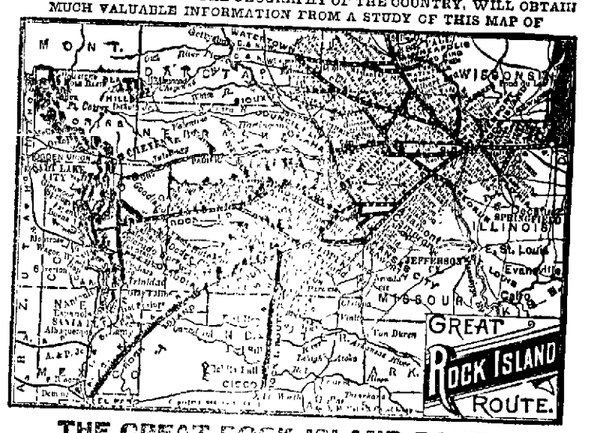
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

(Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Rys.)

Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO, affording the best facilities of interior communication to Eastern towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic points.

SOLID FAST VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

Of Palace Coaches—leading Chicago and Kansas in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodation—run daily each way between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Utah, and between Kansas City and Denver. MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, Free Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Colonist Sleeping Cars, etc., on leading trains. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes and variety of scenery between Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and all intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Runs superbly equipped Express Trains daily each way between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Albert Lea Route is the line to the scenic resorts, and hunting and fishing grounds of the Northwest. Its Watertown Branch courses through the most productive lands of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Southern Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

An Enormous Time Teller.

Philadelphia will not be at a loss to learn the time of day or night after the big clock that is to ornament the tower of the public building is put into position. A person can form some idea of its immensity when influential clockmakers say that it will take a whole calendar year to place the clock machinery in the tower after the building shall have been completed. The bell is to weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds, second only in weight to the great Montreal cathedral bell, which weighs 28,000 pounds, and its pealings are calculated to be heard even to the most distant parts of the city. The Westminster chimes will be used, ringing on the quarter, half, three-quarters and hour. The center of the dial (twenty-five feet in diameter) will be 361 feet above the street. In order to distinguish the time at night the dial will be illuminated by electricity, so that the position of the hands can be located from any point in the city. The minute hand is to be 12 feet and the hour hand 9 feet in length, while the Roman figures on the dial will each measure 2 feet 8 inches in length. A steam engine will be placed in the tower to wind up the giant timepiece each day. All in all, it will be an immense affair, and a fitting emblem to the giant building now in course of erection.—Jeweler's Review.

To Protect Musicians' Fingers.

A simple and inexpensive device for the protection of the fingers of musicians while playing on stringed instruments, such as the guitar and harp, has been patented. It consists of a curved strip of metal adapted to receive the end of the finger or thumb, and provided with a covering of leather or analogous material. To the outer surface of this covering is applied a mixture of Venice turpentine and pine pitch, preferably mixed in about the proportions of three parts of turpentine and one of pitch, the design being to thus render the playing more comfortable and insure a more positive action of the finger upon the string.—New York Home Journal.

Photographs of the Sun.

"While experimenting with a ray of sunlight in a darkened room," says J. C. O'Loan, according to The Scientific American, "I had my attention directed to pinhole pictures, and am of the opinion that startling results can be obtained in photographs of the sun or moon in this way. In a room darkened by blocking up windows with thick paper, make a small hole in the paper with a 'darning needle,' so as to admit a ray of direct sunlight. Hold a piece of white paper in the path of the ray, twelve inches from the hole, you will have an image of the sun one-eighth inch in diameter; at four feet, an image of one-half inch, and at the distance of eight feet from the hole a one inch image, and so on. The size of opening used as lens does not alter the size of image at any given distance, but only its sharpness and brightness. Say the opening is one-sixteenth inch, and gives a sharp picture at four feet, by enlarging the opening to one-eighth the size of the image at four feet would be still the same, but unsharp, so that the screen or plate must be removed to twice the distance to obtain equal sharpness. In a room 100 feet long a twelve inch picture of the sun could be had, and of the moon one very much larger. A series of pipes 100 yards long for camera would give a three foot photograph of the sun. In fact, there is no limit to size of image but the length of camera. Perhaps some one who has more time and space at their disposal than I may take up the subject."

The Probable Inspiration.

"What do you suppose inspired Milton to write 'Paradise Lost?'"

"Perhaps he applied for a divorce and didn't get it."—Nebraska State Journal.

Something in a Name, After All.

Prado, the assassin, told his jailer that he detested the name of M. Guillot, the magistrate in his case, because it formed two-thirds of the word guillotine.—Paris Letter.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1889.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

FLORENCE TELLS TWO STORIES OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Remarkable Comedy Entitled "The Sanguinary Bootjack"—Billy's Narrow Escape from a Mobbing Down South During War Days.

"I was thinking just now," said Mr. Florence to a visitor the other day, "of my first appearance in Chicago over thirty years ago. Why, there was but one theatre in town. What did we play? Oh, it was a ridiculous mess of nonsense. It was called 'Florence Worried by McVicker,' and it grew out of a play gotten up in New York by John Brougham called 'The Sanguinary Bootjack' and presented by his stock company.

"Brougham wanted to get something that would startle the town, and, faith, he did it. You see the curtain rose first on a scene representing a green room, and there sat Mr. Brougham reading a new play to his company. Well, the different ones found fault with their respective parts and all wanted them altered, and this and that, for all the world as actors and actresses perform when they have new parts assigned them. Heavy old women wanted light roles, and vice versa. In the midst of this hubbub a woman is announced. She wishes to see Mr. Brougham on particular business. 'O, I suppose another stage struck female,' groans Mr. Brougham, as, indeed, proves to be the case when the green room is cleared and Mr. Brougham and his visitor are left alone. She tells him she is sure she has the divine fire and must go on the stage—won't Mr. Brougham kindly give her an opportunity? 'What is your name?' he asks. 'Mrs. Buzzard,' she answers. 'Buzzard—Buzzard,' he says, 'that sounds familiar. Where have I heard that name?' 'It's a well known name,' she simpers, 'firm of Hawk & Buzzard.' 'Ah, yes. And does your husband approve of your intention?' 'Oh, no; he is much opposed to it.'

THE MISGUIDED WIFE.

"Well, he advises her not to go against her husband's wishes, but she insists on trying, and finally Mr. Brougham assigns her a part in 'The Sanguinary Bootjack.' In the next scene the play proceeded. It was a lot of rubbish, but the audience seemed to like it, and was following it closely, when suddenly an old man sitting in one of the front seats rose to his feet and cried wildly, 'God bless me, is that my wife—my infatuated—my misguided Belinda? It is—it is. Come home, woman,' and rushing down he tried to climb over the orchestra to the stage. This was no other than Brougham himself. An usher and an officer who hurried down to eject him were other members of the company. Belinda (Mrs. Brougham) screamed and fainted on the stage, while a fireman in a red shirt up with the gods shouted down to leave the young woman alone and let her play her part or he'd come down and fix things to suit himself. This was myself, though here in Chicago I played the part of the husband. You may fancy the noise, confusion and uproar there was in that theater. Well, this piece ran for months and drew immensely—people flocked to see Brougham's company cutting up pranks in the audience. Imagine the sensation if Daly's or the Madison Square should introduce such horse play.

"To pass from the grotesque to the tragic," said the actor after a moment's pause, "shall I tell you of a time in my life when I was really, truly frightened? It was a case of stage fright, though not of the orthodox type. I was playing an engagement in a southern city during the late unpleasantness. I was an out and out Union man, but had tried to be guarded in my remarks, and was, as you may fancy, surprised and startled to receive one morning a warning not to appear that night under penalty of rough treatment. In fact, I was also commanded to leave town. I didn't know what to do. I was, of course, helpless. If a southern audience decided to misuse me, what could I do? I did not say anything to Mrs. Florence, as I did not care to alarm her. I went out and walked by myself and tried to think. I was terribly depressed and sad over the matter. I felt I was a stranger and alone and had no one to advise or help me. In passing a Catholic bookstore I saw a copy of 'Thomas a Kempis.' I went in, bought it, and read it, and in a few moments the burden was all lifted. I felt happy and cheerful. I knew I should play that night—felt sure I should have protection. The hour came to go to the theatre. I went, dressed for my part, went to the peep hole and looked out at the audience. House packed with men—not a woman in front.

FORREST SAVED HIM.

"That looked ugly. I realized they meant to keep their word. What was I to do? As I stood there wondering what course to pursue, the side door that led to the manager's box opened and two gentlemen entered. One—a fine, big, tall fellow—came toward me crying out, 'Billy, how are you? I've come thirty-five miles to see you play.' It was Gen. Forrest. 'General,' I said, 'you've come straight down from heaven to-night.' He asked me what I meant, and in a few words I explained the situation. 'Don't you worry one moment,' he said; 'why, these are all my friends in front. I own this town. You go right on with your play. I'll take care of you.'

"The stage was cleared, curtains rolled up and the play began. In a few moments I made my appearance. An angry mutter swept through the audience and the entire house rose as one man. Instantly Gen. Forrest leaped from his box on the stage and held up his hand. 'Stop!' he thundered; 'what does this mean? Mr. Florence is my friend—I shall protect him.' Wasn't that a thrilling situation?

"Maj. —— rose in the audience and stated a number of offensive remarks which had been circulated as coming from me; among others that there was not a gentleman in the whole south. Fancy my making such a hopelessly insane statement as that. When he had finished his indictment I stepped down to the footlights and said: 'Gentlemen, if being born under the Stars and Stripes is a crime, I must plead guilty. Of all these other charges I am innocent. I have never uttered any of these remarks imputed to me.' When I had finished, the general, who was standing there by me, said, 'Is that enough, gentlemen?' and a yell of assent went up; then three cheers for Gen. Forrest, and then three for Billy Florence, after which the play proceeded, and I must say I never had a more sympathetic, appreciative and enthusiastic audience.

"You should have seen the choice collection of decayed cabbages and rotten eggs which was gathered up the next morning when the theatre was swept out. O, they came loaded for me! Years after that night I received a letter from the man who had tried to injure me so badly. He was near death, and wrote a full confession of how he had circulated these reports, and I forwarded the letter to the major who had led the mob that night. But I shall always believe that heaven itself sent Gen. Forrest that night to help me out of that scrape."—Chicago Tribune.

A. W. Pierce, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., owns one of the largest poultry farms in New England. He has at present between 7,000 and 8,000 birds.

Not Likely to Be Answered.

A little girl had been absent with her parents at a camp meeting for two weeks. On her return her little playmate, Ella Day, entertained her by showing her her new playthings. At night little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "O Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good girl, so as I can take all her playthings away from her and she won't want them back again."—Troy Times.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

If your face is marked with blotches,
And eruptions mar your skin,
You may bet your bottom dollar
There is something wrong within.
'Tis the blood. To purify it
There is nothing half so good,
As the G. M. D. is—try it!
To be clearly understood

I will explain that G. M. D. means "Golden Medical Discovery" (Dr. Pierce's), the popular remedy for debility, lung-troubles, and weak, impoverished blood, which, like scrofula, shows its presence in the system in blotches eruptions, and pimples.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the fall and winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, from \$5 to \$20 honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists.'

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Rev. Edmund Didier, pastor of St. Vincent's Catholic Church, Baltimore, surprised his congregation in his sermon last Sunday morning by the views he expressed regarding the evils of mixed marriages. He said that after a careful investigation and conversations with the young people of his parish, he had learned that Catholic young men spent too much time in idleness and in the saloons and that many young women of the church believed that Protestant young men for this reason made better husbands.

Catholic young men, on the other hand, complained that girls of their own Church were too extravagant and high-toned. He regretted that the young women of his parish were thus compelled to go outside the Church to obtain good husbands.

The violet season is at its height, and a woman's toilet is scarce complete without a bunch of these fragrant little blossoms nodding on her corsage, nestling against the broad fur collar of her wrap, peeping out from the knot of ribbon on her fanciful little muff, or carried loosely in her hand. A cluster of artificial blossoms, so closely imitating the real ones as to defy detection, are tucked into the folds of the snug little black velvet turbans now so much affected by ladies in the street and at the theatre.

—For two years Capt. Frink of South Windham, Me., was totally deaf. But the other day, after a terrific sneezing spell, during which, as he said, he thought he'd sneeze his head off, he was delighted to find that he could hear just as well as he ever had in his life.

—The finest railroad station in the world, is said to be the terminal station in Bombay, India, of the Peninsular railway. It was finished last May, and named in honor of the Empress of India. It took ten years to build it, and cost nearly $19,000,000.

—Jacob Tome, who has given a munificent sum to found industrial training schools in Maryland, is the father-in-law of Gen. Grant's first Postmaster General, J. A. J. Creswell.

—Mrs. Mary Dunn, of Fallsington, now teaching in Bristol, has been offered, and has accepted, a position as teacher in the new school in Trenton.

—The recent strike in New York, among the street car employes, proved a failure, and several lines have resumed operations.

*He was selecting presents for his girl before Christmas. He bought an amber comb, a box of caramels, and a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and showed himself thereby a right sensible dude.

"Enterprises of great pith and moment" are so engrossing the minds of men, that they neglect their own affairs, and grow old with pain, forgetting that a bottle of Salvation Oil will cure all.

A LUXURY AND NECESSITY for rich and poor who wish to enjoy good health, and who do not wish to resort to bitter, nauseous liver medicines and cathartics, is the concentrated California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs.—John K. Young 55 Bath St., agent for Bristol.

*Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Pure Black Pepper, ground with stems out, 40 cents a pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

YANKEE MILL GIRLS.

The Kind of Young Women Who Watched the Looms Forty Years Ago.

When, at the beginning of the century, the cotton business arose it afforded the girls of New England the first opportunity to find occupation outside their homes sufficiently important to affect the destiny of any large number of them. They rushed into the new opening not dreaming that they were precipitating their sex into the maelstrom of modern industry, or that they were merely the advance guard of a great army of female workers, whose disadvantageous attitude towards economic forces is one of the most fruitful sources of suffering in our social body.

It was not the stupid girl who in that early day broke away from the monotony of farm life, or the still worse helplessness of existence with parents too poor to be farmers. It was the bright, eager young women who went to the mills to earn money and free themselves from the semi-servitude engendered by dependence on relatives. The story has often been told of the Lowell factory girls who published a paper, and in time settled to no meaner avocation than that of author or social reformer.

There are legends also of a generation of Yankee mill girls who sent to Preston S. Brooks the suggestive tribute of thirty pieces of silver, after his assault upon Charles Sumner. But the careers concerning which these stories are related belong to a late period in the history of the Americans' connection with the manual part of cotton manufacture, and some of them were exceptionally striking. Still, such incidents indicate something which it is important to understand, and that is that the nice girls of New England for many years became mill operatives. Of course, I do not mean that such labor was ever aristocratic, but that it passed a certain social sanction which it does not now command. A consideration of the average fortunes of the native help leads to the same conclusion.

The mill girl had worldly superiors then as the dressmaker, the typewriter, the telegraph operator, the common school teacher, has now, but she was from exactly the same stock and was herself just the same sort of girl as are the ones who now follow these different vocations. She maintained her dignity while in the mill, and if she left it before she grew old it was because she wanted to leave it—usually because some man wisely wanted to marry her. Her marriage was generally sensible, and sometimes brilliant. In studying the traditions of the whole period, one finds occasional hints of that romance which attaches to all history, as amid the homely details one catches now and then a glimpse of ideal beauty, and comes upon the trace of some girl whose loveliness attracted a fate quite different from that of her village comrades. It is happily due to the purity of New England ethics that this fate is more often found to be joyful than sad.

I suppose it would be impossible to obtain statistics which would tell us much either of the life of the Americans who were operatives or of the after fate of their descendants. But every person who has been long familiar with the native residents in the older manufacturing towns is necessarily acquainted with many family histories, which reveal the essential features of that former time, when factories were small and owners and workers were often not only neighbors but friends. They were all subjected to the ancient New England village tradition of substantial equality. They were of one blood, they held to one religion, and called each other very generally by their Christian names. "Of that early time," writes a lady now more than 80 years old, "I have many recollections, when the wife of Mr. S—— met the wives of overseers, not only in her church work or at prayer meetings, but in social equality."—Atlantic Monthly.

Professor Proctor, who was in a quiet way an expert in such matters, asserted that there were three great games. He placed chess at the head of the list as easily the first. There is no chance in it, but plenty of mental discipline and excitement. Next he reckoned whist. Brains and a good memory, with a certain amount of strategy, are the requirements which made it interesting. Last, billiards give plenty of healthy exercise. You need a quick eye, strong nerves and a steady hand. With these, says the professor, you can chalk the cue with contentment and make a carrom that would surprise Jupiter Olympus.—Herald of Health.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

—Miss Drexel, who is worth $3,000,000, got $250,000, worth of wedding presents.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

In the Orphans' Court of Bucks County.

Estate of PETER R. JULESS, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That upon the petition of Ellen Ann Juless, the widow of the said decedent, the said Court has appointed appraisers under the third section of the act of June fourth, 1883, to appraise and set aside any property of the said decedent, selected by the said widow, and that the said 'appraisement will be presented to the said Court and filed therein on Monday, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1889.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney for Ellen Ann Juless.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Joshua Peirce, that the inventory and appraisement of the goods and chattels excepted from assignment for creditors, and retained by Joshua Peirce as exempt from execution under the laws of Pennsylvania, is now on file in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County, and that if no cause be shown to the contrary the said Court will, on MONDAY, the 25th day of FEBRUARY, A. D. 1889, make an order that the said goods and chattels be released from the assigned estate and handed to the assignor.

B. F. GILKESON,
Attorney for Joshua Peirce.

BUYER. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to C. V. TITUS, 144 Radcliffe Street. Samples on hand.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Feb. 4, 1889.

BOOK NEWS for February is ready.

Dullest time of the year with Bookmakers, and yet February BOOK NEWS tells of seventy-eight new books, and gives clews to the drift and worth of most of them. Very likely not 10 of these 78 books have any special interest to you; another 10 appeal to some one else, and so on. Somewhere there is a mind-niche for every one of these new books.

But how many of you have the time or the chance to dig into the books of every month and make a choice? The common way is to buy hap-hazard—or go without.

Of course, when a book is in everybody's talk—as "Robert Elsmere" or "John Ward, Preacher," are just now—curiosity pricks you to read it. But that's a slow way to get a hint. BOOK NEWS readers see the light of new genius at the dawning.

Newspaper men are in the full sweep of the new book current. No one knows better than they what it is to have the drudgery of book looking and weighing and choosing done by a safe friend. Here is what some of them say:

No better glance at literature from month to month can be had probably.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle, Jan. 12, 1889.

For prompt, unbiased criticism of the new books in an interesting form, this magazine can be relied upon.—San Francisco Advocate, Jan. 9, 1889.

In every respect a mirror of the literature of the day.—Philadelphia North American, Dec. 10, 188-.

The best epitome of all that's new and best in the world of books.—Burlington (N. J.) Reporter, Jan. 5, 1889.

BOOK NEWS gives in concise form perfectly accurate information regarding all new books; stating their object, character, and all the facts necessary to get an excellent idea of a book before getting it.—Boston Commonwealth, Jan. 26, 1889.

BOOK NEWS is the best and choicest thing of the kind published.—The Apostolic Guide, Austin (Austin, Tex.) Dec. 21, 1888.

The worth of BOOK NEWS is far greater than any claims made for it by the publisher.—American Church Sunday School Magazine, Dec., 1888.

No lover of books will willingly pass it by unnoticed.—Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder, Dec. 27, 1888.

The detached plate-paper portrait this month is of Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher" Scattered through the number are three striking illustrations from Books of the month, and a breezy sketch of Alphonse Daudet at home is enriched by a good likeness of that famous novelist.

BOOK NEWS is 5 cents a number; 50 cents a year.

By all odds the simplest and best working Meat Chopper we know of is the Philadelphia. Four pieces only. A child can take it apart, clean it, and put it together again in a few seconds.

The common meat cutter is a grinder. The meat is rolled and jammed and crowded to get through the machine until the juice drips. Every housekeeper knows how the flavor and keeping qualities of meat are hurt by making it into a mushy mass.

The Philadelphia Meat Chopper doesn't grind,—it cuts. Meat that passes through it is chopped into bits as a sharp pair of scissors would snip strips of paper. The cutting is by scissors action. There is no squeezing and heating of the meat as by other methods. At the first push whatever is to be cut is brought plump against the cutters. A gristle or a stringy piece or a fibre of any kind can not pass through uncut. It chops

beef	tongue
tripe	veal
mutton	pork
poultry	suet
clams	game

in a way to fit them for the most delicate dishes. Minces herbs and vegetables. Does anything that the old chopping knife would do (except cut fingers), and does it better.

The Philadelphia Meat Chopper will finely cut a pound of raw meat in less time than one minute, or a pound of cooked meat in less than two minutes. Price $1.50.

The machines can be seen in operation in the Basement near the Dairy.

"Black Silk-and-Wool Villete" is really a black silk-and-wool Camel Hair. At 65c, 90c, and $1 a yard, it is about half the first prices. Some of the grades are 46 inches wide!

A new quality black all-wool Batiste has just turned up at 50 cents.

40-inch black Cashmere at 75c—away under value.

Let these stand for a dozen other as good or better items in Black Goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

UP IN A BALLOON.

EXCITING ACCOUNTS OF ADVENTURES IN CLOUDLAND.

The Oldest Living Aeronaut Relates Some of His Experiences—Falling Into the Bay from a Storm Tossed Balloon—A Battle with Housetops.

George Elliott was born on the Franklin road, about three miles from the city limits of Baltimore, in which city he is passing his old age. He is now 84 years old. Professor Elliott was at an early age apprenticed to the shoe trade. After the completion of his apprenticeship he began business on Baltimore street. In the spring of 1834 the town was flooded with posters, stating that Professor Mills, a famous balloonist, would give exhibitions of his skill and daring from Federal Hill lot. Elliott, becoming greatly interested in these ascensions, made the acquaintance of Professor Mills and secured from him the promise of an ascension as soon as he should return from Philadelphia. Professor Mills' ascension at Philadelphia, however, was unsuccessful. His balloon became unmanageable, and, finding himself drifting seaward, with both night and a storm coming on, made a perilous jump into the top of a grove of pine trees, abandoning his balloon and severely injuring himself.

Young Elliott had by this time become thoroughly enthused upon the subject, and nothing but a trial would satisfy him. Everybody laughed at the idea of plain George Elliott, whom they all knew so well, going up in a balloon. Nothing daunted, however, he succeeded in saving sufficient money to buy the materials and made a handsome balloon.

THEY WERE PICKLED.

Professor Elliott, in speaking of his adventures, said: "I made my first ascension on Aug. 5, 1834, the twenty-ninth anniversary of my birth. I took with me as companion a little son of Mr. Redman, proprietor of a saloon on Pratt street. After being in the air for about a half hour we were overtaken by a terrible storm, and came near losing our lives. I was afterward told by the spectators that it was an awful sight to see the balloon tossed hither and thither among the black clouds, with the lightning playing about it as though it offered some terrible fascination for that destructive fluid. The mother of the boy who was with me fainted at the sight, and was thought to be dead. The storm quieting, we sailed toward the bay.

"When off Hawkins' point the valve became disarranged, and we were precipitated into the water. The steamer Maryland was coming up the river with an excursion party from Annapolis. Those on board sighted us while we were still in midair, and when they saw us falling a panic prevailed on board. The steamer was so near us that I could see the commotion on her, and to quiet it told the boy, who maintained wonderful presence of mind, to wave his hat, which he did, amid great cheering. We were taken on board the steamer and congratulated. One old lady, putting her arms around my neck, said: 'The Lord has preserved you?' Referring to our briny bath, I replied: 'No, ma'am; he has pickled us.'

"Nothing of interest happened on my second ascension, except that it was a singular coincidence that I should light in the same cherry tree in Hartford county that Durand, the first man to make an ascension from Baltimore, landed the year previous. On my third ascension I landed at North Point. By this time I was fascinated with the profession which I had adopted. It had raised me from a comparatively obscure shoemaker to the height of local fame. Everybody was talking of my exploits. Determining to seek new fields, I left Baltimore for Charleston, S. C.

LANDING IN THE BAY.

"My first ascension from Charleston was made from Meeting street. I was carried seaward over John and James islands, and landed on Wadmelo island. Dr. Angel, an immensely wealthy planter, resided on Wadmelo island amid almost oriental luxuries. He was highly pleased with my unexpected visit. After spending the night at his house, I was taken back to Charleston by his race boat, manned by twelve sturdy black men. My second ascension was uneventful. On my third, I reached the height of three and a half or four miles, and was in the air about one or three-quarters of an hour, having been unable to descend earlier on account of some difficulty in opening the valve of the balloon. When I descended it was perfectly dark, and I alighted in the bay about ten or twelve miles outside the bar, where I remained for several hours supported by the balloon, when a skiff from pilot boat Cora, Capt. Aldert, came to my relief. I was transferred from the Cora, in the vicinity of Sullivan's Island, to the steamboat Etiwan, Capt. Sassard, which boat had been dispatched to my assistance at a late hour of the night.

"After the events I continued my tour to New Orleans, where I made ascensions from a part of town called Lafayette. My first trip occupied three hours, and I landed on the battleground where Gen. Jackson, with his Kentucky and Mississippi riflemen, defeated Gen. Pakenham, with his English regulars, in 1815.

A DANGEROUS RIDE.

"My second ascension, which was the most unfortunate I have ever had, was made from the state house yard. The ascension, according to advertisement, was to be made at 4 p. m.; but at midday the wind began to blow from the east, and as it appeared to be on the increase, I determined to start as soon as possible. Dr. Stillwell, a wealthy merchant, had engaged passage; but, the weather looking so bad, I refused to take him, much to that gentleman's disgust. Making all ready, I jumped into the car, and, watching my chance, when the ballon reached its perpendicular, gave the word to let go. A slight delay occurred before executing the order, and a heavy flaw of wind struck the balloon just as she bounded from the earth. Before I had time to think the car of the balloon collided with the tall chimney on the state house, knocking about ten feet of it down and bruising me considerably. Fifteen bricks fell in the car, the weight of which was not sufficient to bring the balloon to the ground, yet was too great to permit it to rise higher in the air. Consequently, under the influence of the wind, which was on the increase, the balloon went careening just a few feet above the housetops.

"With frantic energy I began throwing bricks, sand bags and everything I could out of the car. While thus engaged I kept a sharp lookout. Presently I saw that a collision with the dormer window of the Bank of Louisiana was unavoidable, and prepared myself for it by crouching down in the car. The balloon escaped it, but the car, from the momentum it had gained, was thrown clear through the window, smashing the sash, and then as violently jerked out again. The shock of the collision broke my thigh, and rendered me senseless. The balloon continued its flight until caught in the rigging of a Dutch ship which was lying alongside the levee. I was rescued from my perilous position."—Baltimore American.

Mme. Patti Nicolini has at Craig-y-Nos a huge automatic music box which plays all the great operatic arias of her repertory.

Nuisances at the Play.

Some women are a little tiresome at the theatre. When Miss Ida Waterman was presenting a most piteous picture as the Baronesse de Trouville in "A Dangerous Game" at the opera house, at the very acme of a terribly touching interview had by the baroness with her husband, a gentle creature who sat behind me purred in her companion's ear, but loud enough to be heard several yards away, "What a lovely turquoise she has on her finger."

It is true that Miss Waterman had one of those exquisite blue stones in a finger ring, but nobody but a woman would have thought of noticing it at such a climax in one of the most powerful plays ever written.

But men can be just as tiresome at the theatre as women.

Not long ago I happened to sit beside a man of whom all I remember now is that he wore a green tie with red stripes, and trousers loud enough to be heard on the stage. He talked to himself after several vain attempts to draw me into conversation. The play was "Jim, the Penman," and when Ada Dyas in that great third act was making every one else in the house feel uncomfortably near crying, the glorious brute beside me said to himself in an audible tone: "Wonder whether that's her own hair!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Miscellaneous

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

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Of all sizes and best qualities.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Near the Rolling Mill.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

THE KEYSTONE MORTGAGE CO.,
OF ABERDEEN, DAKOTA,

Eastern Office, 1328 Chestnut St. Philada., Pa. Capital $250,000. Offer guaranteed, 7 per cent. Semi-Annual Real Estate Mortgages at Par. These mortgages are secured by lands worth three to six times their amount. We offer choice investments in Aberdeen City Property. Aberdeen is a city of 6,000, and is growing more rapidly than any other town in Dakota. Address for full particulars.

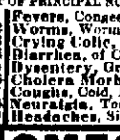
Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, Pa., Nov. 6, 1888.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier

HUMPHREYS'



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8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
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10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach..........	.25
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Annual Premium for $3,000, age 33	$ 97.44
Total paid 20 years (life insured meanwhile)	1,948 80
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Write for fuller explanation, giving your age.

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SPECTACLES,

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Of the best quality carefully adjusted and fitted by skilled assistants, to suit the various defects of vision.

All the latest improvements, cork bridges and nose pieces.

DAIRY THERMOMETERS,

Incubator Thermometers,

Thermometers of all kinds. Catalogues on application.

W. M. M'ALLISTER,

OPTICIAN.

At the old stand, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY this winter. We want some more reliable men to sell our nursery stock; guaranteed first-class, true to name as ordered, and delivered in good, healthy condition. SALARY AND EXPENSES, (or commission if preferred). Apply, (stating age) to

H. W. FOSTER & CO.,
Geneva, N. Y.

Bristol Advertisements

SHOES! SHOES!

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

A large stock of Gents', Boys', Youths', Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. I have taken great pains to select the best styles and quality, at lowest prices.

Gents' Shoes.

A good sewed shoe, Lace, Button or Congress, for $2.00.

A fine Calf Shoe, Lace or Congress, $2.50, 3.00, 3.50, and 4.00.

Extra fine calf hand-sewed Common Sense, $5.00.

Policemen's Shoes, $2.50.

Boys' Shoes.

Boys' stylish calf shoes, Lace and Button, sizes 2½ to 5½, $1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

Youths' Shoes.

Youths' Calf, Lace or Button, sizes 11 to 2—$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.25.

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Fine Kid, round or common sense toe, worked button-holes, $1.75 and 2.00.

Old Ladies' Kid Lace shoes, $2.00 and 2.50.

Oil Pebble Button shoes, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50.

Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50.

Finest Paris Kid, hand-sewed, $4.00 and 5.00.

Handsome straight grain foxed, Kangaroo top, hand-sewed, $5.00.

Genuine cork sole and water-proof lining, hand-sewed, $5.50.

A splendid line of French Calf, Button and Lace, $6.00 and 7.00.

Misses' Shoes.

Misses' Pebble Shoes, heels and springs, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25.

Misses' Fine Kid high cut, heels and springs, $1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.

Misses' Calf foxed shoes, wedge heels, $2.50.

Misses' straight grain shoes, heels and springs, $2.50.

Misses' fine high cut Lace, $2.00.

Children's Shoes.

Child's Kid and Pebble, heels or springs, sizes 8 to 10½, worked button-holes, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75.

Child's straight grain, spring heels, $2.00.

Child's Calf foxed, spring heels, $2.00.

Child's straight grain, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, $1.50.

Child's Kid and Pebble, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 75c, 90c, $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.

Infants' Shoes, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and 1.25.

MEN'S BOOTS—$2.50, 3.00 and 3.50.

RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES—Measures taken.

Remember we have no old stock. Call and see for yourself, at

T. A. FARLEY'S,
No. 3, Bath Street, Bristol.

To the Citizens of Bristol——

HAVING OPENED A

Stove & Tin Store,

COR. MILL AND POND STS.,

You will find there all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods,

——INCLUDING——

TINWARE of all kinds, Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.

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Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting

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These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

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Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

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We respectfully invite EVERYBODY who purchase

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To examine our STOCK and PRICES, then look elsewhere, and buy where you can get the best Plants for the least money. All kinds of Fresh Vegetables in their season.

The best selections can be made at

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Green Houses,
POND STREET, BRISTOL.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
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Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.

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Miscellaneous

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Giving full reports from the Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and other city markets. Prices and shipments of grain, live stock, provisions, groceries and country produce.

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Extending a helping hand to all women. To them is devoted a full page in which they show each other, under editorial guidance, "how to get married, and how to keep house," in the most approved fashion. For those who are forced to remain single and board, the way is made pleasant. Every woman reader has a chance to talk.

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With Winter games and entertainment for little people. Instruction in the ways of making things and doing things. Summer excursions to the fields and woods. Puzzles for the quick witted, and plenty of prizes to make the slow-witted quick.

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SECRETARY OF THE

Bristol. Fidelity.

AND

UNION BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Real Estate Rented and Sold,

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Surveying,

Fire Insurance.

An Ordinance

TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF THE WESTERLY SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, AND TO CURB AND PAVE THE SIDEWALKS, AND TO FIX AND PAVE THE GUTTERS UPON SAID SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET.

The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville do ordain: That after the passage of this ordinance, the grade of the curb on the westerly side of Washington street shall be as follows:

SECTION 1. Commencing on the northwest corner of Washington and Moreau streets, and running southerly, crossing Moreau street to southwest curb corner on a level; thence falling 4 inches to 100 feet for the distance of 400 feet—thence falling for the distance of 86 feet and 6 inches to intersect with curb on northwest corner of Green and Washington streets. Commencing at the northwest corner of Washington and Moreau streets, running northerly, and falling 4 inches to the 100 feet, the distance of 500 feet—thence falling 30 inches and 21-100 of an inch to the 100 feet, the distance of 210 feet, more or less, to the south rail of the Pennsylvania Railroad track.

SEC. 2. The sidewalks on the westerly side of Washington street shall be curbed with stone not less than four inches thick and sixteen inches deep, and shall be paved with flagging or brick, not less than six feet and six inches (6 6) from the street-line outwards toward the curb, and shall have a falling grade of one half inch to the foot, from said street line. The gutters shall be eight inches deep from the top of the curb, and shall be paved not less than thirty inches in width, and shall be done with a brick placed edgeways, or a flat gutter-stone not less than twelve inches in width next to the curb, and the remainder with cobble-stone not less than four inches in diameter; and all curbing and paving shall be done to the satisfaction of the Street Committee.

SEC. 3. All owners of property on the westerly side of Washington street are hereby required to pave and curb the sidewalks and pave the gutters in front of and along their premises, in accordance with the foregoing section of this ordinance, the same to be done at the option of each property owner, or when the present pavement is worn out.

SEC. 4. If any owner or owners of property on the said westerly side of Washington street shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Street Committee to proceed to have the sidewalks and gutters in front of and along the premises of the property-owner or owners so neglecting or refusing, curbed and paved according to the provisions of this ordinance; and the said Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville will therefor proceed to collect the cost thereof, with twenty per cent. advance thereon, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly, in such cases made and provided.

SEC. 5. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber in the Borough of Morrisville, this Thirteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

WM. G. HOWELL,
President of Council.

Approved this 13th day of December, A. D., 1888.

WM. G. HOWELL, Burgess.

Attest—ISAAC PARSONS, Clerk.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALMA THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT. FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Nearly 200 STUDENTS last year. 17 Graduates and Certificated Teachers in Faculty. Graduating Courses with Certificates and Diplomas in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution and Commercial Science.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

– Council meets next Monday evening.

– Plumbers are beginning to take heart.

–The thermometer stood at 12 degrees above zero last night.

– Frank T. Chambers is the advance agent and manager of the Wilson Concert Co.

–The corners of the mouths of the ice men are beginning to take an upward curl.

–The Guy Brothers refined minstrels will be at the Opera House on Monday the 11th inst.

–The next meeting of the Shakespeare Club will be held at the residence of Mr. Edward Swain.

–Josiah Goodwin killed a mad dog on his farm last Tuesday. It is said to have bitten several dogs in the neighborhood.

–An infant child of Harry Dennis, Brook street, fell against the cook stove yesterday and severely burnt its foot and leg and one side of its face.

–The piling up of the ice on the Jersey shore prevented the ferry-boat from making her usual trips to-day. She made one trip this morning, and then gave it up.

–At the Bristol Building Association meeting on last Monday evening, five loans were sold at 19 cents monthly premium, and four loans at 16 cents monthly premium.

–John Nimon will remove his grocery on the 1st of March from its present location adjoining the water works to Jonathan Milner's old stand, corner of Wood and Washington streets.

–"Resolved, That in case of accident presence of mind is preferable to absence of body," will be the subject of discussion at the Young Men's Christian Alliance at their meeting to-morrow evening.

–The Organ Concert at the Presbyterian Church on last Thursday evening was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The sum of $70 above expenses was realized, and added to the church fund.

–The Electric Light Company propose putting in an additional dynamo, and increasing the capacity of the works. Subscriptions to the stock of the company will now be received at the office of the secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson, Esq.

–The Secretary of the Philadelphia Merchants Protective Association was present at the meeting of the Bristol Merchants at Evans Hall last evening and gave some points of interest in the methods of conducting associations of that character.

–A large ovarian tumor, weighing probably 75 pounds, was yesterday taken from Mrs. James Lawrence, of Bensalem township. Dr. O. H. Allis, of Philadelphia, performed the operation. Drs. E. J. Groom, Richard and Charles Dingee, Dr. DeCosta and Dr. Stroup were also present.

–The GAZETTE job printing office is the largest, and best equipped of any in the lower end of Bucks county. It has more presses, a larger assortment of type, and greater capacity to turn out work than either of the other offices in Bristol or vicinity. The GAZETTE is the place to get your printing done.

–The Bucks County Medical Society met yesterday afternoon in the Masonic Hall, Quakertown, Dr. H. Pursell presiding. Dr. Thomas G. Morton, the well-known Philadelphia physician, read a very interesting paper on "Asymmetry." A resolution was adopted approving the medical examiners' bill now before the Legislature at Harrisburg.

–The borough election this year comes on the 19th of the present month. The officers to be elected are burgess, two councilmen from each ward, one school director in the first and one in the second ward, a high constable, three ward constables, an assessor in each ward, a tax collector, three auditors, and a judge of election and two inspectors for each ward.

–The Eighth annual meeting of the Bristol Cemetery Association was held at the office of the Secretary on last Saturday. The old board of officers and directors were re-elected and a semi-annual dividend of three per cent. was declared, leaving a handsome surplus in the treasury. The Secretary's report showed that there were 86 more burial lots sold this year than last, and that the number of interments exceeded last year's by 22. The whole number of interments is 215.

–Electric lights for Langhorne, Hulmeville and intermediate places are now assured. At a meeting held in Langhorne on last Thursday evening, it was announced by the Secretary that over $13,000 had been subscribed to the stock of the company. The following persons were elected directors: Dr. Thomas L. Allen, John Johnson, J. Howard Marshall, David J. Matlack, Thomas Duffield, George Garsed, Dr. P. M. Minster. The Board of Directors then elected J. Howard Marshall, President; Alfred M. Wildman, Secretary; and John M. Wildman, Treasurer.

–Twenty-four of the merchants and grocers of Bristol met yesterday evening to form a protective association. J. Wesley Wright was chosen President; James Wright, Secretary; and E. H. Foster, Treasurer. The Vice-Presidents are S. W. Groff and Jas. Holt. It was resolved to apply for a charter from the State Association. S. W. Groff, James Holt and James Wright were appointed a committee to draft by-laws. A committee to secure additional members, consisting of Scott and Eldridge, of the 1st Ward; McCorkle and Muschert, of the 2d Ward; and Jeffries and Sutch, of the 3d Ward, was appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

–Ten of the most prominent liquor dealers of Wilkesbarre have concluded not to pay the $500 license fee this year. They will abandon the business and engage in a manufacturing enterprise, subscribing $1,000 each, representing the amounts paid by them for license and rents. Instead of living in hotels they will rent dwellings in the suburbs and devote their entire attention to industrial pursuits. The uncertainties of the trade combined with high rents and high license impel them to the change.

–A breach of promise suit, with damages fixed at $20,000, was on Monday brought against Henry C. Wolfe, a prominent wholesale liquor dealer of Easton, by Mrs. Josephine Carey, widow of a passenger conductor. Wolfe is a widower, aged about 65, and Mrs. Carey is 28.

ANOTHER OLD LANDMARK GONE.

MR. EDITOR:–In passing up Pond street I notice that the old house lately sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is being demolished. This was probably one of the oldest houses in the borough. It and two other old buildings now standing, one known as the "Pursell House," adjoining the Railroad Hotel, and the old house known as the "Wm. Davis House," at the foot of Wood street, were all built previous to the year 1700.

In the early settlement of Bristol the tract of land sold to the Railroad Company belonged to William Heaton, whose lands extended to Walnut street. It was always believed he built the old part of the house, just torn down. During his occupancy of the premises there was great excitement in the town on account of a man being found dead in the well. One of the family in attempting to draw a bucket of water could not succeed. In looking down the well she discovered something that looked like a large dog. She called her father, who got a grappling-hook, and with the assistance of some of his neighbors drew it up, when, lo! and behold, it proved to be an Indian. The question arose among the citizens who had gathered around the corpse, How did he get in the well? Some thought he had been murdered for his money and thrown down the well; others ridiculed the idea of an Indian being in possession of money enough to induce any person to murder him. A jury was summoned, and upon investigation it was found that he was one of a party of Indians who the day before had crossed over from New Jersey to sell their baskets, which they were in the habit of doing two or three times a year, and on such occasions would get generally intoxicated. It was in evidence that this man was seen late on the preceding day lying on the sidewalk in front of the lot where he was found, with two silver dollars in his hand, which gave rise to the suspicion that he had been murdered for his money, as the money was not found. The jury, finding no marks of violence on the body, rendered a verdict that he come to his death by falling down the well while intoxicated. His friends, missing him when they reached home, came back to look for him, and when made acquainted with the manner of his death, their theory was, that after sleeping off his drunk, having no more whiskey he went to the well for a drink of water, and it being dark he had fallen in and was drowned. It was a long time before the family or neighbors would drink the water from that well, although it was considered the best in the borough.

After the death of Mr. Heaton the property came in possession of Henry Tomlinson, who had married one of the family. "Uncle Henry," as he was called by the younger portion of the community, was a man of good sense, hospitable, and of a very active mind, positive in his convictions, and fond of controversy. He was a shoemaker by trade and a school-teacher by profession–kept school in his shop, combining both professions; that of teaching the young idea how to shoot, and of making and mending shoes. His motto was: While you educate the head, take care of the feet.

He was a member, trustee and sexton of the M. E. Church, and entertained singular ideas of heating churches. One cold, winter morning, one of the members arriving at the church early finding the doors open and the cold wind blowing in the church, said:

"Bro. Tomlinson, why don't you close the doors?"

His reply was: "There is a good fire in the stove. I leave the doors open so that the wind may blow the heat around the house."

Some of our old citizens will remember him as a leader of the singing in the church. Standing in front of the pulpit, by the aid of the tuning-fork he would start the tunes, and with his strong bass voice would make the church ring.

He had frequent controversies with one James Johnson on matters of faith and practice. Jimmy, as he was generally called, was a sharp, shrewd Irishman, with a superabundance of mother-wit. He was also a member of the Catholic Church, a firm believer in her doctrines and usages. On one occasion their argument was on the Virgin Mary. Jimmy contended that as she was the mother of Christ she should be reverenced and worshiped. Uncle Henry, in reply, said that in her womanhood she was no better than his own mother. "But I perceive," said Jimmy, "there is a great difference in their sons."

He was the inventor of the dipper, which superseded the scoop-net for catching fish, for which he was recognized by the boys as "Uncle Dipper."

At his death, the property went to his daughter, Ann Eliza, who built the frame house adjoining, and married Charles Pasco, who kept a shoe store in the building now occupied by Mr. Hoguet. After her death the property was purchased by J. M. Brown.

LEON.

TO THE VOTERS OF BRISTOL BOROUGH.

The time is approaching when you will be called upon to cast your votes for borough officers. I wish to call your attention to some matters of public interest which I think should command your serious consideration. It is well known that during the past three years there has been a shameful imposition practiced upon the tax-payers by the method of valuing property. Three years ago the assessors increased the valuations on property from 50 to 80 per cent., when there was no reason whatever why it should be done. Some years ago valuations of property in Bristol had been adjusted with that of other similar properties in the county, and remained so until the triennial assessment three years ago, when they were increased as above stated. When the assessors were called upon to explain why they had increased the valuations so much above what they had been for many years, their reply was: "The Commissioners ordered us to do it."

And now, after suffering from unequal valuations in comparison with other similar properties in the country, the present assessors have increased the valuations 25 per cent. (as published) over and above that of three years ago–when it is known to every citizen who has attended public sales of real estate in the borough, that there has been a falling off in prices during the past three years of 25 per cent. less than these same properties sold for ten years ago; and when we ask the assessors, Why increase valuations? the answer comes, "The Commissioners gave us our instructions."

Now, if the Commissioners are to fix the valuations on Bristol property, there is no necessity for electing assessors, and the county should be relieved from that expense. Now what we want in selecting men for office is, that they shall be men of good, sound unbiased judgment, well acquainted with the situation and value of real estate–men who will not take the "ipse dixit" of a body of men who do not live in the borough and don't know the latitude of the place.

And the same can be said of the character of the men who should be selected for Burgess and members of Council, if it is true, as has been published in the GAZETTE and Observer, that the Mechanics' Mutual Improvement Association, which was organized for the intellectual and moral improvement of the young men, and for which a thousand dollars or more was contributed by our citizens for its support, was being used for immoral and unlawful purposes to such an extent that the managers had to close the concern. It is alleged, and the names have been given of the parties who occupied the building on Saturdays and nights gambling, and Sundays entertaining drunkards–and all this wickedness done for weeks and months within fifty yards of the police station, and no notice taken of it by the police.

Is it not a self-evident fact that the present body of men constituting the police force are an inefficient and cowardly body of men, who should be instantly dismissed by the Burgess and Council? The public good demands it.

WM. KINSEY.

PROHIBITION IN BUCKS.

"Iron Mask," the Bucks County correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, writes concerning the probability of the success of the Prohibition Amendment in this county as follows: As everybody is hazarding predictions as to the probable vote of the Pennsylvania counties on Prohibition your correspondent will take the floor as a guesser. Bucks is pretty distinctly divided into the English and German elements, with the Germans in the north and the English in the south. The southern or English half of the country will give a majority for Prohibition, I think, while the German portion will return an opposing majority. I think the majority against Prohibition will be larger in the German section than the majority for it in the other section, which brings me to the conclusion that Prohibition will be beaten in the county as a whole, but not by a large majority. I think Lower Bucks will vote for Prohibition principally because there the influence of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is very much more powerful than elsewhere in the county. In the northern half is to be found the German traditional hostility to extreme temperance legislation. Even among some of the most decidedly religious German sects, and among whose members are the most abstemious people, practical tetotalers, the principle involved in Prohibitory legislation will meet with strong opposition. I know many such men who do not drink a gill of spirits from Whitsuntide to Whitsuntide, and who are not more likely to become drunkards than Neal Dow, but who do not quite endorse the idea that one man shall perscribe for another what he shall drink. I do not enter into the rationale, or philosophy, or soundness of this doctrine, I only report the fact. Upper Bucks, Upper Montgomery, Lehigh, Northampton, Berks and Lebanon, York, Adams and other counties contain many such voters.

A BRIDGE ADVOCATED.

A correspondent of the Burlington Enterprise wants a bridge built between Bristol and Burlington. He says: "As there seems to be considerable enterprise in Burlington, judging from the speedy disposal of the stock of the Electric Co., I beg to recommend to the consideration of our wealthy fellow citizens the question of a wagon bridge between Burlington and Bristol. Not to mention the great Brooklyn Bridge and other vast structures, there is a bridge connecting Easton and Phillipsburg across the Delaware which may serve in the main as a model. If the company which originally built the Easton-Philipsburg bridge, or which has it leased at present, if that company, I say, finds it a remunerative investment, we are warranted in concluding that the Burlington-Bristol wagon bridge would prove similarly remunerative. The Burlington Bristol bridge might be built from the foot of Tatham street, Burlington, to the foot of Mill street, Bristol. It could have two draws, one at each side of the island, like the draw bridge at Delanco. The Central New Jersey Railroad has a draw bridge at Newark Bay, where there are more boats to pass than here. The Burlington-Bristol bridge would make Burlington Islands exceedingly valuable–valuable enough perhaps in building lots to pay the debt of the City of Burlington. The wagon road from Burlington to Trenton would be shortened by five miles, with a better road in the bargain; Bordentown wagons would cross here to Bristol. The merchants here would drive to Trenton for goods. There would be a development of the natural advantages of Burlington and the continuous train of wagons day and night to Bristol, Trenton and Philadelphia would make the bridge not only a paying operation and first class investment for the stockholders, but a very great public convenience and benefit."

–A Georgia letter, explaining Mr. Cleveland's peculiarities, says: "Mr. Cleveland lacked magnetism and he lacked policy, but he lacked, more than all, the faculty of keeping friends who were ready to overlook everything else provided he was willing to be counseled or entreated for his own good and for theirs. He disappointed them, for he took no advice. He reminds one of a Dixie mule that must have his head pulled off to get him to the water, and his tail pulled off to get him away."

–There are some able romancers in North Carolina, or some very large trees. From Clyde Station comes the story that a poplar tree was cut there so large that it made plank enough to furnish weather boarding, ceiling, and flooring for a church 50 feet long, 38 feet wide and 12 feet high. From the same tree a fence was built on three-quarters of an acre around the church. There were three logs left over, and "the remaining three logs contained lumber enough to build another church as large as the first."

Pleasant for Prof. Horsford.

The importance of the character of baking powders to be used, is shown by the fact that many eminent scientists have given their best thoughts to the question. A notable example is the very thorough and exhaustive experiments made by Baron Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists of his time, who became greatly interested in Prof. Horsford's invention, (Rumford Yeast Powder). In his published report Liebig says: "I have, through a great series of experiments, satisfied myself of the purity and excellence of the baking preparation of Prof. Horsford. The bread has no acid, is easily digested, and of the best taste. I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind. It is certain that the nutritive value of the flour will be increased ten per cent. by this phosphatic preparation."

Certainly high words of commendation for an American inventor.

–The pupils at the McAlisterville Soldiers' Orphans' School, have been attacked by an epidemic of nervous insanity. Twenty-five boys are affected and all the physicians of Mifflintown have been sent for.

–The business men of Marquette, Mich., agreed to close their places at 8 o'clock each evening, all except Yalowstein & Sons, who insisted upon keeping open until a late hour. A few nights after the early closing plan went into effect eight clerks of rival stores walked into Yalowstein & Sons, each smoking a cubeb cigarette. They began looking over goods, puffing vigorously meanwhile, and soon cleared the store of customers. They attempted no violence, but simply smoked the people out; and they say they'll keep it up until Yalowstein gives in.

–The late Dr. Breck, of Springfield, Mass., died at the bedside of a patient. In the close air of the sick room he realized that his lungs were congested. Stepping to the open window his cough raised a little blood. Instantly baring his arm he said to his brother doctor, "bleed me." The sight of the slow, dark drops was sufficient, and he at once realized in his own case that all was over. In a few moments he sank into unconsciousness and death.

*Whatever tends to diminish strength should be removed from the system. For those weakening diseases of babyhood–colic, diarrhea, etc., use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which always cures.

For functional disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels use Laxador, the safest and surest remedy that can be employed. Price only 25 cents.

*Dr. Teel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*THE ONLY PERFECT REMEDY–For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, it is easily taken and perfectly harmless. John K. Young, 55 Bath street, agent for Bristol.

*THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN BRISTOL.–Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size 50c and $1.

*BRINGING GLADNESS to millions, pleasing their palates and cleansing their systems, arousing their Livers, Kidneys, Stomachs, and Bowels to a healthy activity. Such is the mission of the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. John K. Young 55 Bath street, Bristol.

New Advertisements

Bristol Opera House.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Monday Evening, February 11th.

THE FAMOUS

GUY BROTHERS'

REFINED MINSTRELS.

WITH A LARGE AND EXCELLENT COMPANY OF

MERRYMAKERS.

EVERYTHING ENTIRELY NEW AND FIRST-CLASS.

REFINED FUN.

GRAND SOLO ORCHESTRA.

POPULAR PRICES.

Admission........23 and 35c
Reserved Seats........50c

Reserved Seats on sale at the Bristol News Agency.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Capital Stock of the Bristol Electric Light and Power Company, will be received at the office of the Secretary on and after Thursday, the 7th day of February, 1889.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Secretary.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE of REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 23d day of FEBRUARY A. D. 1889, the real estate, late of James Blanch, Sr., deceased, situate on Linden street, in Bristol borough, Bucks county, Pa., viz.:

Tract No. 1 consists of a messuage and lot of land containing 25 feet front on the west side of said Linden street, with a depth of 120 feet, adjoining land of Mathew Archer, and tract No. 2, hereinafter described. The improvements consist of a good frame house, two and a-half stories high, 14x28 feet, and containing 7 rooms.

Tract No. 2 consists of a lot of land adjoining Tract No. 1, above described, and land of William Terneson, containing 50 feet in front on said Linden street, with a depth of 120 feet. The improvements consist of a good frame barn 16x18 feet.

CONDITIONS.–$100 in cash at close of sale on each property, balance April 1, 1889.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M.

JAMES BLANCH, Administrator.

CHARLES LOVETT, Auctioneer.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS

CABINETS $2 PER DOZ.

Chandler & Scheetz,

828 ARCH ST.,

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Opposite Young Men's Christian Association Building.

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CATARRH of Nose or Throat in any stage, acute or chronic, also Hay Fever or Cold in Head, rapidly cured. High medical endorsement. A lawyer who had Catarrh 17 yrs. discovers a cure which is now given to the world. No cocaine or harmful substance. No snuff or douche. Easy, safe, agreeable. Send for circular with home testimonials. Scores cured. Druggists, 50c.; mail, 60c.; registered, 60c. PAYNE & CO., ATHENS, PA.

Miscellaneous

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED. DRS. STARKEY AND PALEN. COMPOUND OXYGEN. NOT A DRUG.

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For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Debility, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and *all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment" Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have been using for the last seventeen years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN have the liberty to refer to the following named well-known persons who have tried their Treatment:

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Rev. Victor L. Conrad, Editor Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.
Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, New York.
Hon. William Penn Nixon, Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.
W. H. Worthington, Editor New South, Birmingham, Ala.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kansas.
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Judge R. S. Voorhees, New York City.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philada.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
Edward L. Wilson, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Editor Philadelphia Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mexico.
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Spanish Honduras, C. A.
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
James Moore, Sup't Police, Blandford, Dorsetshire, England.
Jacob Ward, Bowral, New South Wales.

And thousands of other, in every part of the United States.

"*Compound Oxygen–Its Mode of Action and Results*," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey and Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases–many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMOR COMLY, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

CAROLINE S. COMLY,
REBECCA B. COMLY,
CAROLINE C. HAINES,
ELIZABETH H. COMLY HOWELL,
Executrices.

or A. WEIR GILKESON, their Attorney.

STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA.

On and after Monday, November 12th, the Steamer Columbia will make but one trip between Bristol and Philadelphia, leaving Bristol at 7.30 a. m. Returning, will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2 o'clock p. m. Fare 25 cents; Excursion, 40 cents.

CANCER. "A New Cure comes from China. Queen's Hospital and London Cancer Hospital report cures.–*N. Y. Express*. Endorsed by Medical Journals. Cure guaranteed. Circulars **Free**. GUN WA CO., Box 42, Pueblo, Colorado.

WANTED.

WANTED–TWO STEADY, RESPECTABLE young men to earn a good paying business. Taught in one hour. Apply all week. 50 N. 10th Street, third floor, Philadelphia.

TO RENT. HOUSE ON RADCLIFFE ST., opposite the Water-works. Possession given April 1st. Particulars at GAZETTE office, or of C. W. TAYLOR, Oakford P. O., Pa.

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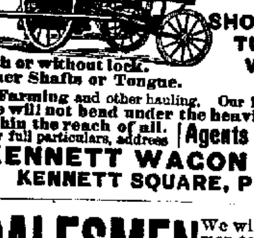

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SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose two-cent stamp. A permanent position. No attention paid to postal cards. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. WAGES $3.00 PER DAY.

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REMEMBER THE PLACE, Corner of Wood and Dorrance Streets, Bristol, Pa.

BUCKS COUNTY TRUST COMPANY

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Authorized Capital,	**$250,000**
Capital Paid in,	**125,000**
Surplus Fund,	**14,000**
Resources, Nov. 1888,	**350,000**
Trust Fund, Not in Above,	**126,347**

This Company is authorized by its charter to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, &c., and for the faithful performance of such duties its capital is liable.

It insures owners of real estate, or mortgagees, against loss by reason of defective titles.

It receives money on deposit subject to check.

All Trust Investments are kept separate and distinct from the Assets of the Company.

Interest is allowed on certificates of deposit; also on running accounts, by special agreement.

Receives special deposits of trust funds and allows interest on the same. An Act of Assembly authorizes Trustees to deposit with the Company.

Collects checks, notes, drafts, coupons, &c. Buys and sells stocks, bonds, and other securities, serving its depositors in these capacities without charge.

Becomes sureties for trustees or public officers.

Safety boxes in burglar and fire-proof vaults for rent, and valuables taken on storage at moderate rates.

Wills receipted for and safely kept without charge.

RICHARD WATSON, President.
JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Vice Pres't.
T. O. ATKINSON, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

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JAMES B. DOYLE, LOUIS H. JAMES,
GEORGE ROSS, JOS. S. ATKINSON,
PHILIP H. FRETZ, SAMUEL STECKEL,
ROB'T M. YARDLEY, JOSEPH THOMAS,
B. F. GILKESON, H. B. EASTBURN,
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Miscellaneous

New York World.

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OVER 100,000,000 COPIES.

How its Circulation Has Grown:

1882	8,151,157
1883	12,242,548
1884	28,519,785
1885	51,241,367
1886	70,126,041
1887	83,389,828
1888 (over)	100,000,000

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The following Novels were published in one quarter. The list will show the class of Novels given weekly:

The Little Old Man of the Batignolles..Gaboriau
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A Woman's Love........Braeme
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is at all times prepared to do jobs of HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

Assigned Estate of Joshua Peirce and Wife.

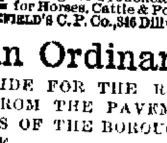
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Joshua Peirce and Mary E. T., his wife, by deed dated December 29, 1888, have made a general assignment of all the real and personal estate of Joshua Peirce to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Joshua Peirce; and that all persons indebted to the said Joshua Peirce are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY, Assignee.

or B. F. GILKESON, his Attorney.

BRISTOL, January 17, 1889.

BIRD MANNA



The Great Secret of the Hartz Mountain, Germany. Bird Manna will restore the song of Cage Birds, will prevent their ailments and keep them in good condition. Makes canaries sing, even while shedding feathers. Sent by mail on receipt of 15c. Sold by all druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

FREE Package of Fronefield's Cattle Powder for Horses, Cattle & Poultry. The best made. FRONEFIELD'S C.P. Co., 346 Dillwyn St. Phila. Pa.

An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE REMOVAL OF SNOW FROM THE PAVEMENTS AND GUTTERS OF THE BOROUGH OF MORRISVILLE.

SECTION 1. The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville do ordain: That within twenty four hours after each fall of snow, it shall be the duty of every person, firm or corporation, occupying any property within the Borough of Morrisville, or in case there is no occupant, then the owner or owners of such property, to remove as far as possible all snow from the sidewalks and gutters in front of and around their respective properties.

SEC. 2. In case any occupant or owner, as aforesaid, shall neglect or refuse to remove the snow, as aforesaid, he, she or they shall forfeit and pay the sum of Five Dollars, to be collected by an action of debt or penalties, to be enforced by summary conviction as for a breach of the peace, before any Justice of the peace of the said borough.

SEC. 3. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, this Thirteenth day of December, A. D., 1888.

WM. G. HOWELL, Burgess.

Attest–ISAAC PARSONS, Clerk.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "**CIGARROS**", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"**THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY,**" The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"**THE CAPTAIN.**" The same price and equally good in quality.

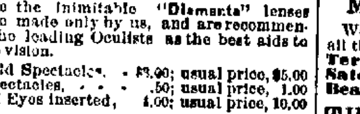
"**DELICIOSOS,**" Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, in good faith, can obtain all needed information about any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers.

☞256-page Pamphlet, 30c.



You think Your Eyes are Good.

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We Examine Eyes Free.

We use the inimitable "**Diamanta**" lenses which are made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles, $3.00; usual price, $5.00
Steel Spectacles, .50; usual price, 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted, 4.00; usual price, 10.00

M. Zineman & Bro., Opticians

No. 130 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New York City

–THE–

New York Tribune.

CONGRATULATES

Every American Farmer, Wage-earner and Business Man, the Union Volunteers, the Settlers of the Western Territories, every Young Man and Woman, the Freedmen of the South, our American Fishermen and Shipbuilders, and the Whole People generally on the

SALVATION OF THEIR WELFARE,

which was won at the polls on November 6th. In the prosperity, which is likely to follow, the men of both parties will share; but to the Republican voters, workers and press is due the credit.

During General Harrison's administration THE TRIBUNE will continue to advocate the great measures of public policy with which its name is identified. Great responsibilities now rest, not only on the new administration, but on the Republican party and press, with reference to shaping legislation so as to give practical effect to the will of the people. It is no time now for farmers, wage-earners, Union veterans and others, whose interests have been imperilled by an administration of free-traders and rebel brigadiers, to relax their interest in public affairs and let things take their course. On the contrary, it would seem to be the duty of all voters to co-operate earnestly in the advancement of measures undertaken in their behalf, and to lend their support to great newspapers, which are doing original and aggressive work to promote their welfare.

It is conceded by the entire country that THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE has initiated a great variety of the valuable and successful popular discussions of the past year. Its labor for the farmers (not yet half finished) has been aggressive and effective. Its great exposure of the sham "reform" of the Cleveland administration was crushing and final; no attempt was made to answer it. Its position on Temperance brought back numerous third party voters to the Republican ranks. Its broadsides on the tariff and other questions have done much to prove, beyond question, that the Republican party is the best friend of the poor people of the country and of the settlers of the Western Territories. It fixed beyond controversy the responsibility for the defeat of much needed pension legislation in Congress. On many other important questions THE TRIBUNE did loyal and successful work. It undertook, for the sake of the cause, many important, laborious and far-reaching tasks, involving immense research, and useful in setting in quicker motion the forces which won the victory. Its course in the future may be judged by the past.

THE TRIBUNE is not exclusively devoted to politics. It is a general newspaper, presenting the news of the world in each issue, together with fiction, miscellany, matters "for the Home Circle" and for "Young Folks," with excellent and accurate market reports, book reviews, and foreign correspondence, and two pages a week on Agriculture. For the family it is absolutely unexcelled among newspapers.

Subscription Rates–Weekly, $1 a year; extra copy with every five. Semi-Weekly, $2 a year; extra copy with every five. Daily, $9 50 a year. Sunday TRIBUNE, $2. New subscribers receive the paper until January 1, 1890.

Premiums–1. Waverly Novels, complete in 6 volumes. 2. Cooper's fascinating Leather Stocking Tales, 6 vols. 3. Irving's Life of Washington. 4. Ten one-dollar books, any one of which is sent for two subscribers, viz.: Essays of Lord Bacon; Edgar A. Poe's Tales; French Revolution, by Carlyle; Great Generals by Great Authors; Poems of Sir Walter Scott; Greek Mythology; Don Quixote; Arabian Nights; Robinson Crusoe; and Swiss Family Robinson. 5. Winchester Hunting Rifle, breech loading. 6. Remington breech loading Shot gun. 7. New York Tribune's History of the United States and Pocket Atlas of the World. 8. The Tribune's great Book of Open Air Sports. 9. Wood's Household Medicine. 10. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. 11. Waltham Watch. Send for circular describing them in full.

LIBRARY OF TRIBUNE EXTRAS.

Every year THE TRIBUNE prints an Almanac and Index and several bound "Extras." It is proposed now to systematize the publication of these Extras and to issue them regularly, once a month, 12 numbers per year. The Almanac will be issued in should form, only with new, valuable and extensive additions to the contents, the number for 1889, by the way, containing complete returns of the Presidential Election. The other numbers will be made up with pages of about monthly magazine size. There will be one or two numbers, per year, devoted to the latest ideas in knitting and crochet. Several will contain complete novels. Others will be made up of entertaining features of special and permanent value relating to Science, Society, Literature, Politics, etc. Single copies 25 cents. Price, per year, for the 12 numbers, $2.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

The New York Sun.

FOR

1889

And for the Democracy.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats–the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be intrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of past experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy–on Sundays four cents. If you do not know THE SUN, send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

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A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application–FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our **Select Local List.**

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

MORTGAGES ON LAND.

We purchase **MORTGAGES** upon lands in all the **Western** and **Southern States** and **Territories**, and have constantly on hand for **Sale**, very desirable **High Rate Interest Bearing Securities.**

THE CORBIN BANKING CO.,

115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Legal Advertisements

FOR SALE.–HOUSE AND STABLE, CORner of Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Apply to CHARLES W. PEIRCE.

STEADY WORK FOR RELIABLE MEN, who will sell our well-known Nursery Stock. Local or traveling. OUTFIT FREE. Address ELLWANGER & BARRY, Proprietors of Mt. Hope Nurseries, Established 1840. Rochester, N. Y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JANE BRODNAX, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MARGERY ANNA BRODNAX,
CHARLES WILFRED BRODNAX,
Administrators.

or to J. C. STUCKERT, their att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM WARDMAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SUSAN B. WARDMAN, Administratrix,

or A. WEIR GILKESON, her attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ROBERT T. TODD, late of Bristol Township, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

AUGUSTUS R. TODD, Executor,

or A. WEIR GILKESON, his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH ANN BOGERT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARTHA KIRK, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES BUCKMAN, Executor,
S. E. cor. 8th & Green sts., Philadelphia,

or A. WEIR GILKESON, his att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM DEMBY, late of Falls township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

THOMAS C. IVINS, Administrator,

or B. F. GILKESON, his att'y. Tullytown, Pa

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ISAAC IVINS, late of Bristol borough Bucks county, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

SARAH A. IVINS,
HORACE F. IVINS, } Executors,

or B. F. GILKESON, their att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH A. MARTIN, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

CATHARINE H. MARTIN, Executrix.

Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney.

An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE GRANTING OF A LICENSE FOR THE BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE, WHICH IS ALSO APPLICABLE TO ANY OPERA HOUSE OR THEATRE THAT MAY BE BUILT AFTER THIS DATE.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That the owner and manager of the building formerly known as the Bristol Skating Rink; and now as the Bristol Opera House, shall pay an annual license of Fifty Dollars ($50 00); and that this ordinance shall be applicable to any theatre or opera house that may be erected hereafter in the Borough of Bristol, the said license to go into effect October 1st, 1888. The said license fee to be paid in semi-annual payments, in advance, as follows: One-half the whole amount January 1st, the balance July 1st, in each year.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of Bristol Borough, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1888.

W. H. GRUNDY, Burgess,

Attest: J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION OF SHADE TREES AND PUBLIC PROPERTY AGAINST MALICIOUS ABUSE.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That any person or persons who may be convicted before any justice of the peace of the Borough of Bristol of any malicious mischief, or injury of any kind whatsoever, to any of the shade trees or public property on the footways of the Borough aforesaid, or elsewhere in said Borough, shall forfeit and pay a sum of Fifty Dollars ($50 00), to be sued for and recovered as debts of like amount are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall be paid over to the Treasurer of the Borough for use of said corporation.

That all ordinances and parts of ordinances conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of Bristol Borough, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1888.

W. H. GRUNDY, Burgess.

Attest. J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

AUTHORIZING THE BRISTOL ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY TO ERECT AND MAINTAIN POLES IN THE STREETS, LANES, AND ALLEYWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, AND TO PLACE WIRES THEREON:

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this ordinance, the Bristol Electric Light and Power Company be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to erect and maintain poles in the streets, lanes and alleyways of the Borough of Bristol, and to place wires thereon, for the purpose of supplying electric light or power to such persons as may desire the same.

Provided, however, that the erection of the said poles shall be under the supervision of the Street Committee. And provided further, that the Burgess and Council shall at all times hereafter have the right to use the said poles for police and fire alarm purposes.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 30th day of October, A. D., 1888.

F. FENIMORE, President.

Attest–J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts., Bristol, and Second & Furman Sts., Trenton.

THREE STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Rib Roast, 12c. lb. Round Steak, 2 lb. for 25c. Mutton Chops, 14c. lb. Stewing Meat, 6, 8, 10c. Gilbert's Sausage and Scrapple.

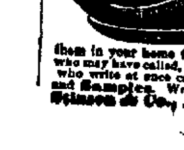
WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.



FREE **$85 Solid Gold Watch.** Sold for **$100**, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free**, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch and Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.**

Rumford

YEAST POWDER,

"The Old Reliable."

Restores to the flour the nutritious phosphates lost in bolting. No other powder does this. It is healthful and nutritious. Put up in bottles.

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LOST.

'Twas a summer ago, when he left me here—
A summer of smiles with never a tear,
Till I said to him, with a sob, my dear—
Good by, my lover, good-by!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night!
And my cheeks for him flushed red and white
When first he called me his heart's delight—
Good by, my lover, good-by!

The touch of his hand was a thing divine
As he sat with me in the soft moonshine
And drank of my love as men drink wine—
Good by, my lover, good-by!

And never a night, as I knelt in prayer,
In a gown as white as our own souls were,
But in fancy he came and kissed me there—
Good by, my lover, good-by!

But, now, O God! what an empty place
My whole heart is! Of the old embrace
And the kiss I loved there lives no trace—
Good-by, my lover, good by!

He sailed not over the stormy sea;
And he went not down in the waves—not he—
But, oh, he is lost—for he married me—
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

BESS.

Pausing on the highest point of the trail, we peered fearfully down into the dimly lit gorge 800 feet below, from which there came to us faint sounds of life, the barking of dogs and a child's voice raised in shrill halloo. At this latter sound Bebe raised her small curly head from Duke's broad breast where it had rested during the last hour of the toilsome ascent. The great violet eyes flashed open and gazed down, vainly endeavoring to pierce the gloom.

"Why, there's a child down there. How can a child live in the dark?"

From our elevation we could see, through a cleft in the sierras, flaming streaks of purple and crimson and gold, and the sun, like a great ball of fire, sinking into the gleaming waters of the Pacific. Pressing on, we made the descent into "Inferno," as Duke styled it, as rapidly as was consistent with the dignity of our stolid little burros. At every step the shadows deepened and broadened till at last, when we were lifted from our saddles, we could but discern the straight, slim figure of the doctor, who had preceded us, and pressed close against his knee the shadowy outlines of a sprite, a fay—clearly something uncanny—so small and frail it seemed.

As the doctor advanced into the mellow beam of firelight which streamed welcomingly from the open kitchen door, the small shape flitted from him and was swallowed up in the darkness. He must have seen in Bebe's wondering eyes the question which she was too much awe struck to ask, for, as he lifted her up into the light, he said in his gentle, tired voice:

"That was little Bess. She and I are great friends."

There was a subtle magnetism in the inexpressible sadness which enshrouded this dark eyed, tender voiced man, that drew to him the involuntary love and trust of all helpless, friendless creatures. Young as he was a great shadow had fallen between him and the sunlight, withering his affections, blighting his ambition. When he left home to attend lectures in a distant city, he was accompanied by a dearly loved friend, one whom he hoped in the near future to call by the still dearer title of brother. This friend fell ill, and, though after weeks of suffering he gradually recovered his physical health, his mental tone seemed to have been weakened. He became subject to fits of melancholy, and in one of these took his own life.

The doctor was with him, but noticed nothing unusual till the pistol shot rang through the room and the lifeless body fell with a dull, heavy thud to the floor. From that moment he was haunted by the horrible consciousness that if he had been more watchful the tragedy might have been prevented. The poor, half crazed sister of the dead boy refused to see or speak to him again. After an interval of despair he took up the broken thread of life again, piecing it together with the harsh, stern lines of duty in the place of golden inclination.

After hours of balmy, refreshing sleep we awoke to find the sun gilding only the topmost crags, which, like watch towers, frowned upon us from above the stupendous walls which on all sides shut in the gorge. A small river tumbled headlong down the rocks, chafing and fretting impotently at the huge bowlders obstructing its passage to the sea. Its banks were lined with aromatic bay which, gently stirred by the breeze, leaned over and tipped its rich green foliage into the clear water.

Our idle enjoyment of the scene was clouded by the apparition of small, scantily clad Bess, who dogged our footsteps and at last, when we paused, crouched at the doctor's feet, looking up into his face with the unsatisfied questioning of a dumb animal. He talked to her in his sympathetic, quiet way till the thin, grave lips unclosed, and the little creature told him all that she knew about herself and the unchildlike life that had been passed under the shadow of overhanging mountains. A sudden glow passed over the pallid face, the large eyes grew eager as she told of the one bright day of her life. "Mister Waller was er goin' down an' he let me ride Juniata, an' then he tuk me to er show."

The words tumbled over each other in her haste to tell of the wonders that she saw. When Bebe, finding that they have one subject in common, slipped down to a level with her, and exhibited great familiarity with the tricks and antics of the monkey, Bess' surprise flashed forth: "Was yer thar, an' did yer see me?" Being answered in the negative she won from compliant Bebe a promise to "look out" for her at the next show.

As the two young faces were upturned we could not fail to notice the contrast—the one so full of life and health, with shining hair, clear, beautiful eyes and blooming cheeks, seeming the very embodiment of sunlight, the other with pale, drawn features, thin lips set about with lines of care, straight, dull white hair and complexion of a chalky white, a fit child of Shadow.

When we climbed the mountain side to look over at a beautiful fall where drooping ferns and clinging lichens hid the rough walls of rock over which clear water dashed in silvery spray to loose itself in the dark pool beneath, the doctor burdened himself with Bess. Her rapture was intense, though she only said "It is so pretty! I never saw it before." Afterwards she said to Bebe in a whisper "I like that man. He takes me to places." From that hour she became his shadow, content to be unnoticed if she might but be near him. On the morning of our departure the whole camp gathered about to bid us farewell, but Bess was missing.

Search was made in vain for some time and we were about to ride away, when she was discovered hidden in a clump of bushes crying as if her heart would break. The doctor stooped and kissed the little white quivering face and whispered some words of consolation apparently, for a pale, wintry smile lit up the dull eyes. As we looked back before taking the turning, which hid the camp from view, we caught sight of the meager form, its thin dress fluttering in the wind, its tiny arms waving good by. Poor little Bess! We passed away to the sunshine, leaving her to the shadows and gloom.

* * * * * * *

Over the purple mountains we journeyed once more, yielding to Bebe's whim that her bridal trip should be taken in the same company over the same paths which her childish feet had trod ten years before. The whole previous programme must be faithfully carried out, and as this included a visit to the "Devil's Gorge," its shadows closed about us again. It was difficult to recognize in the handsome, eager, impassioned bridegroom the saddened, hopeless doctor of the years of the past. His mourning had endured for more than a day, but it was impossible for any one exposed to the bright, joyous influence of Bebe to fail to recognize that "man was not made to mourn." His devotion to duty had met its reward, and now, at 35, he was not only one of the most distinguished surgeons of the day, but, as the husband of winsome Bebe, was, as he asserted, the happiest man in the world.

All day Bebe had been pretending to recall familiar landmarks, and as we gathered about the camp fire she suddenly exclaimed: "There was a child here! A small, pale child just my age, and her name was Bess. I wonder what has become of her?" Out of the darkness there stepped the tall, lank figure of a girl. Advancing into the center of the group, she said laconically "I'm Bess." Glad recognition met her from each member of the party, and I noticed that when her hand was clasped in that of the doctor a dull red flush passed over her face. She was unchanged save that the ugliness of the type was intensified. After a few words she fell back from the light.

Guided by an enthusiastic young Englishman who had traveled around the world, we went to look at the "Moonlight Fall," which he declared to be the most beautiful sight "eye ever beheld." Leaning over to feast my eyes upon the incomparable beauty of the scene, I was startled by hearing a quick, hurried breathing near me. Looking around I saw Bess standing on the verge of the cliff, not looking at the waterfall, but gazing with a fixed intensity and expression at Bebe, slim and fair in the radiant moonlight.

How it happened no one ever knew, but with the suddenness of an electric shock we realized that Bebe was over the cliff, her heavy traveling dress caught in the branches of a sturdy manzanita bush that had forced a footing for itself within a crevice of the rocky wall. Her husband had but just left her side, but ere he could reach the spot, like a flash Bess had lowered herself to a narrow ledge of rock, grasping with one hand a rough, sharp spur jutting out from the wall, with the other she raised Bebe's slight, lissome form to the arms outstretched to receive it.

Looking into the doctor's face with eyes transfigured with love she panted: "I saved her for you," then relaxing her hold she fell with a crash into the dark abyss.

Later when the poor, bruised body was brought and laid in the little cabin, looking through a mist of tears we saw the face glorified and beautiful, and around the head there seemed to shine the aureole of a saint. Thus she passed forever out of the shadows into the light of an eternal day.—New Orleans Picayune

A Shoe Dealer's Observation.

I was in a State street shoe store yesterday when two ladies seated themselves and asked to be shown shoes, of course. A young man waited upon one of the ladies. A moment later he came to the proprietor, with whom I was talking, and said: "She has white hose." The proprietor made a reply that I did not quite understand, and the clerk departed. I returned to ask why it was that the clerk had made such an observation. "It is one of the tricks of our trade," answered the head of the concern. A woman who will wear white hosiery don't wear fine shoes. You can gamble on that every time and win. So we know about what class of goods to show her and thus save time. I don't know whether you know it or not, as such matters do not interest outsiders, but we can tell by the sort of hosiery a woman wears what price shoes she wants. Now, take a woman who wears black silk hosiery or black balbriggan, she wants the very best shoe, as a rule, that there is in the house. I have made a study of this for years, and I am away up on the subject, I can tell you. Another thing I have noticed—a woman who wears black hosiery generally has small feet. That reminds me that the average foot of the Chicago lady—I mean good stock, the aristocrats—is not small, but long and slender."

An Incident.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double seat in the car: and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good natured urging from the friend, that home nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window." When 7-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—Century

Glass Staining in America.

Here in New York, and in the shadow of indifference, the art of the glass stainer, which in the hands of its more legitimate heirs in Germany, France and England, by the grafting of elements antagonistic to its growth, had become a mere shadow of its former self, has acquired new vigor, and even now blossoms as the rose. That this art, which is so nearly allied to the old world of the past, should find its renaissance in the last years of the Nineteenth century amid the dust and clamor of our new world mart is curious enough. But in a world where, in default of cathedrals inherited from ages gone by, our interest in the church is in part manifested by the fact that there are more than 4,000 religious edifices of different denominations now in course of construction, this revival is more than curious; it becomes a question of eminent artistic importance. In the Old World the field of the glass stainer is virtually limited to the Roman Catholic church and the Established Church of England. Here, with the widening of sect distinction, the churches of nearly all denominations are open to him, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee, in the near future, the clear sunshine gaining admittance to all our churches through colored glass, and carrying with it messages of faith and fortitude, of joyous hope and reverent memory.—Scribner's.

A Long Railroad.

The great railroad projected by the Russian government, and spoken of variously as the "Obi railroad," the "Siberian Pacific railroad," etc., will be, if completed, the longest single line of railway in the world. The country which this line will open up for commercial purposes is vast in extent and practically untouched thus far, no commerce existing except what is carried on by most primitive methods. It will undoubtedly prove productive when opened for settlement, as the writings of Mr. George Kennan lead us to believe. The road will extend from Tiumen, in Western Siberia, to Vladivostock, a Russian port on the Pacific coast, a distance of 4,000 miles. The cost is estimated at between $30,000 and $40,000 per mile. The greater part of the proposed route presents few engineering difficulties, the chief of these being bridges of great size, which must be built over the great rivers. The Tobal, the Irtish, the Tom, the Obi and the Yenisei will all require long bridges, with sub-structures of great strength to resist the pressure of the ice.—Philadelphia American.

To make silk which has been "tumbled" and wrinkled appear nearly like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic on white gloves, and iron it on the wrong side. Strong black tea, cold, is a good thing to clean black silk.

THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.

CURIOUS FANCIES ABOUT SPIRITS IN THE OZARKS.

Blood Spots That Can Only Be Burned Out—Ghosts of Murdered Men Stalk About at Night—A Belief That the Number 13 Brings Good Luck.

"It will never come out until it's burned out—that's what they say." So remarked an intelligent business man of Forsyth, Mo., pointing to a black stain of blood on the floor of J. S. B. Berry's old store, where Capt. Kinney, the Knobber chief, had fallen when shot to death by young Bill Miles. "A good many have tried to scrub out blood stains, they say, but never could do it."

This is a common mountain superstition. The mountaineers have noticed that blood stains on cotton goods turn black and are not easily washed away. They conclude that some supernatural power, instead of a chemical combination, keeps the stain there. It is a common practice, they say, to cut out blood stains and burn them.

If there is any place in the country where a living spirit of evil, the personal devil, is believed in unquestioningly, it is here. Satan travels up and down the gulches and ravines and peers in at the open doorways at the firesides, or, finding an open door, "just melts his way in." Those who have read the story of the Bald Knobbers will perhaps think there is good reason for their faith. But the mountaineer goes further. He sees Satan and his imps. There are mysterious sounds in the woods—that is, they are not understood by him, and he says the spirits are responsible for the mysteries. Not alone does he see the evil spirits, but the souls of the murdered dead, he believes, are never at rest. Capt. Kinney, the dead Knobber chief, stalks forth by night clad in mask as of old, but now with a blood stained shroud around him instead of the marshal's coat of blue that was his pride. That he will seek vengeance on those who oppose the Knobbers is not doubted.

AVENGING SPIRITS.

On the other hand, there are those a plenty who say the old oak from which the Taylor boys were hanged by Kinney's men still shrieks and groans in agony as the boys did vainly for mercy, while the spirit of murdered Coggburn comes down to the village square, and there, materializing as a man once more, throws up its left hand, and striving to draw a revolver fails to get it raised. Then, falling backward on the ground, it hurls a phantom pistol away through the darkness.

They do not believe that the spirits of the dead seek vengeance vainly. Whenever misfortune befalls any one they shake their heads ominously if he has ever shed human blood. Sickness, accident, death, are not the results of bad sanitary conditions or carelessness; they are the visitations of justice loving spirits. But the fear of future visits of spirits never acts as a power to keep the ready hand from the pistol.

The Taney men have nearly all been converted, according to their understanding of Holy Writ. Preachers and churches abound. There are twelve preachers in a population of 7,000 now. What more could one wish? Only the low trash are beyond the pale of the church. "All the best citizens of the county" are church members. They read the Bible carefully, they sing religious hymns melodiously, they pray and say amen fervently. They give liberally to the poor; they are careful to entertain strangers. But somehow they never comprehend the Sermon on the Mount or the Seventh commandment. There is old Uncle John Hildreth. He is the remover of warts for the mountaineer lads and lasses. The old man takes a piece of thread six inches long and ties a knot, drawing the knot tight directly above the wart, saying some mysterious words as he does it. The wart goes away, the mountaineers say, within a week.

The superstition about the number 13 has a curious hold here. They think a combination of 13 people for a purpose will be invincible. The Knobbers are said to have organized in groups of 13 at the first, and there are those that believe that had that principle been adhered to the Knobbers would have still ruled the Ozarks as they did in 1886. In their thirst for whipping people they wholly neglected to organize gangs of 13 or multiples of that number. Hence their downfall.

There is another curious theory held by some of the mountaineers. Thus, Liveryman Ray, who carried a visitor from New York to see the victims of the Knobbers in the vicinity of Sparta, told of a revolver that he had, which would sweat drops of blood when fired under proper circumstances. Two men had been killed with it. When a weapon has killed two men it will thereafter sweat a drop of blood whenever fired at a living target. An inanimate target is of no effect, they say.

WHY THEIR HOGS DIE.

The whips that were used to whip men with were invariably burned afterward. It would have brought bad luck to have left a bloody switch in existence. Various theories about the ill luck that would follow were held. Jarvis Lawrence says that such a whip would turn to a serpent that would hunt the man who had used it and avenge the blood of the victim with a bite. There was no use in taking whisky for such a bite. Death was sure to follow. Another notion is that the cattle of the men who used the whip were sure to find it within a year and lick it with their tongues. Then they would die of the murrain.

A little while ago in Sparta the village hogs that everywhere run the streets in this country were dying at the rate of three or four a day right in the street. The reason was plain enough to one who knew anything about hog cholera, so called. There was a great pool of stagnant water near the center of the village that was the resort of all the hogs of the neighborhood. They had wallowed in it the season through, and got nothing else to drink save when a rain storm made scarcely less filthy pools elsewhere. Why shouldn't they die? Would the hog owners see it? Not at all. It was a mysterious visitation. Likely enough when the Knobbers were hanged at Ozark the hogs would not die any more. That's what the anti-Knobbers thought and said. The Knobbers said it was a just infliction on a people that were going to sacrifice four victims to blind prejudice, and that, too, when the hogs of both factions were dying. Of course there were others who thought that the cholera was due to a visitation on general principles—a sort of a warning to the whole people to abandon their sins.

Capt. Kinney, the Knobber chief, understood the people very well when he devised the horned mask for his murderous crew. It is impossible to appreciate the abject terror which these masks created among the majority of those who were visited. The relatives of the murdered men in Christian county, Charley Green and Will Edens, are unable to go on with their stories when they come to describe the impression created by the masks. Old Mrs. Elizabeth Edens turns white at the mention of the word and barely escapes fainting. It is said that men who had determined to fight and were well fixed for a battle lost their courage and wits entirely when they saw the masks, and took their whippings like cowed curs.—New York Sun.

Regulations on Danish Railways.

Every one who has traveled in Denmark has noticed the enormous number of guard houses along the railroads, and the fact that women usually signal the trains. As a measure of economy man and wife are employed by the state, the former as track walker and the latter as guard. The rules specify the relationship to exist between these two classes of employes, and rules are made to be obeyed. When it happens that either dies the survivor has just six weeks in which to find another partner. Neglect to do so is disobedience, punished with dismissal. The employment of brother, sister or servant to fill the vacancy is not allowed. The guard or track walker must marry in six weeks or leave. A case of the kind occurred recently near the old town of Ribe, on the German frontier. The stricken widower petitioned the government to allow him an extra week or two, alleging that his work of walking all day along the railroad track did not give him a chance to look for a wife, but his request was refused as in itself an infraction of discipline. The hapless widower had only six days of grace left, but he did not want to lose his job and went skirmishing with such energy that before the end of the fifth he had a new wife flagging the trains.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

SOME PHENOMENAL "FAITH CURES."

Mrs. Maria Woodworth, of Springfield, Ills., Claims to Perform Miraculous Healings.

The blind, the deaf and dumb, the lame and the ill are congregating in great numbers in Springfield, Ills. Enthusiasts claim that scenes are enacted daily in that city that for the past nineteen hundred years have been as rare as angels' visits. The singular spectacle (which recalls to the mind a graphic description in "Ben Hur") is afforded in Springfield's streets of the maimed and sick creeping along on crutches, or being carried in beds or chairs to an old deserted mill loft, where, it is claimed, some of the most marvelous faith cures on record have of late taken place. The faith cure meetings are conducted by a woman named Maria Woodworth. She is six feet in height, extremely angular and weird looking, and is said to resemble a "Macbeth" witch. Her power is said to be miraculous. People who have been afflicted with deafness all their lives are said to have been cured at a single meeting.

MARIA WOODWORTH.

The most advanced and seemingly incurable diseases are said to have been healed in an hour. Cripples have thrown away crutches, the blind have been restored to sight, the dumb have broken forth into rhapsodic song, and the fanatics say that there is no ill which flesh is heir to that has not been completely squelched by the subject's absolute belief in the efficacy of the faith cure.

Among others seeking "the power" the other night were three little girls, aged 9, 11 and 13 years respectively. It is scarcely conceivable that at such tender ages they have acquired the by no means simple art of artistically lying. But the story of their experiences is pretty diaphanous. It is said that after praying for some time these three little ones became suddenly rigid, with a stiff sort of trembling in the hands and feet. After wandering around through the crowd they "came to," and each related a story of strange things seen during their trances. Each had seen the other two, had beheld a heavenly city paved with gold, had looked upon people in torment in another region, who were surrounded by flames of fire and by serpents writhing and hissing in agony.

One of these little girls, Ida Anderson, was more highly favored than her companions in trance. She is the daughter of a respectable tailor of Springfield, and had lost several little sisters some time ago, whom she saw during her trance and with them played peek-a-boo, dodging behind the pillars that support the ceiling and laughing as children do in their sports.

Here is a case which created considerable excitement in Springfield, and put a man named Watts in a rather embarrassing position.

The day before Christmas a young lady went into a trance at 3 o'clock p. m. and remained in that state until 8:15 the next morning. On Christmas night she was again overpowered. While Joseph Russel, well known in Springfield, was kneeling at the altar with this young lady he was stricken by "the power," but "came to" in a much better spiritual condition. The young lady arose and walked around, and in her path stood Watts. She took him by the hand and, to his utter astonishment, he could not get loose. She tried to talk, but could not, and as she made signs as though she wanted to write, a pencil and paper were given her, by which she wrote warnings, evidently addressed to Watts.

Though her writing was hardly legible, enough was deciphered to learn that this was his last chance to be saved. This occurred about 4 o'clock p. m., and she stood up holding him by the hand until 11.35 p. m., when she let go of her own accord and he went away. Just before letting go her hold upon him she lay down and went into a trance, in which she remained until 12 o'clock the next day.

Springfield is much shaken up over these stories, the believers and the scoffers being pretty evenly divided.

A RECEPTION TO LINCOLN.

Dan Dougherty Had to Make a Speech on Short Notice.

By reason of being his birthplace, Philadelphia claims Dan Dougherty. This claim, however, is disputed by New York, which is now his home, and both cities, with equal cause, are proud of him. As an orator Mr. Dougherty's reputation is national, and many stories are told of the readiness of his eloquence. Perhaps the most striking instance of this faculty was afforded at the time of President Lincoln's visit to the great fair of the sanitary commission in Philadelphia in 1864, as the guest of the Union league.

Morton McMichael, whose fame as a fluent speaker still lives wherever he was heard; Charles Gibbons and several other leading members of the league, were upon the committee of reception, and Mr. McMichael had prepared a brilliant address of welcome. By some mischance President Lincoln arrived ahead of time, and quietly proceeded to a hotel, after his usual unobtrusive fashion. He was immediately pounced upon by a Mr. Webster, a genial, jolly "man about town," who knew everybody, and was occasionally over officious. Taking it for granted that it was all right, Mr. Lincoln stepped into the carriage which Mr. Webster had in waiting and was driven to the fair. When the committee of reception called at the hotel to wait upon him, he was gone, as the clerk said, with "a committee from the Union league."

"Impossible," said Mr. McMichael. "We are the committee."

To follow in hot chase was all they could do, but Mr. Webster was on the watch, and as the well known group entered the fair room by one door, he took the president out of another, and drove straight to the Union league, where the members, minus the committee, were assembled to do honor to the president.

The committee, boiling over with wrath, gave chase; vainly, for by this time the streets were packed with a dense crowd, anxious for a sight of Mr. Lincoln. It was impossible to drive a carriage through the crowd, and at Twelfth and Chestnut streets they were obliged to get out and fight their way on foot, inch by inch. Meantime, at the Union league everything was upset for lack of Mr. McMichael and the eloquent address too safely stowed away in his pocket.

Mr. Dougherty was one of the members anxiously watching for the committee which did not come. At last, growing desperate, some one called him aside and said: "Dan, this won't do. McMichael isn't here, and somebody must say something. You're the only fellow who can do it, and you must."

In vain Mr. Dougherty protested he was "totally unprepared," etc., etc., and begged to be excused. "Mr. McMichael was expected to speak, and they ought to wait for him." He was pushed to the front and introduced with:

"Mr. President, you will be addressed on behalf the Union league of Philadelphia, by Mr. Daniel Dougherty."

Mr. Dougherty was absolutely trembling with stage fright, and his pallor was a sight to behold, but he made the speech, and President Lincoln said afterward that he had seldom listened to such a torrent of oratory.

"I have never overcome a dread of rising to address an audience, however small," said Mr. Dougherty, a few days ago. "Even when I rise before a jury, I would feel grateful if the floor would open and swallow me. I want to get away. My lips are dry, my hands tremble and I feel myself turn pale. After I get started I lose myself in my subject. This feeling gradually wears away, and I soon forget these disagreeable symptoms in my absorption in the work before me."—New York Star.

Juvenile Logic.

First Little Girl—How many brothers have you got?

Second Ditto—Four. How many have you got?

First—One.

Second—Your papa must be awful poor, isn't he?—Yenowine's News.

Gave Himself a Present.

A citizen bought himself a book the other day, and wrote this on the fly leaf: "Presented to John Jones by himself as a mark of esteem."—Toronto Globe.

1889.

Harper's Magazine,

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine is the most useful, entertaining and beautiful periodical in the world. Among the attractions for 1889 will be a new novel—an American story, entitled "Jupiter Lights"—by Constance F. Woolson; illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies by E. A. Abbey; a series of articles on Russia, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; Papers on the Dominion of Canada, and a characteristic serial by Charles Dudley Warner, three "Norwegian Studies," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, illustrated; "Commodus," a historical play, by the author of "Ben-Hur," illustrated by J. R. Weguelin, etc. The Editorial Departments are conducted by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner.

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1889.

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ILLUSTRAT

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1889.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Harper's Young People begins its tenth volume with the first number in November. During the year it will contain five serial stories, including "Dorymates," by Kirk Munroe; "The Red Mustang," by W. O. Stoddard; and "A Day in Waxland," by R. K. Munkittrick; "Nels Thurlow's Trial," by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Three Wishes," by F. Anstey and Brander Matthews; a series of Fairy Tales written and illustrated by Howard Pyle; "Home Studies in Natural History," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald; "Little Experiments," by Sophia B. Herrick; "Glimpses of Child Life from Dickens," by Margaret E. Sangster; articles on various sports and pastimes, short stories by the best writers, and humorous papers and poems, with many hundreds of illustrations of excellent quality. Every line in the paper is subjected to the most rigid editorial Scrutiny, in order that nothing harmful may enter its columns.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union.

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

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Five minutes from Grand Central and West Shore Depots. Broadway Cars pass the doors, affording ladies easy transit to to all the principal stores and places of amusement. Coolest and best ventilated Hotel in the City.

Rooms. $1.00 per Day.

HOTEL CONDUCTED ON THE

AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.

The duplicates of delinquent borough and school taxes have been placed in my hands for collection. I hereby give notice that all taxes must be paid within sixty days from the date of this notice, or execution for the same will be issued with cost. OFFICE: 81 BATH STREET. OFFICE HOURS:—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and every evening.

H. H. SMITH, Collector.

Bristol, Pa., October 1, 1888.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Page's Climax Salve,

A FAMILY BLESSING FOR 25 CENTS.

No Family Should be Without it. Heals Without Leaving a Scar.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS.

THE GREAT STOMACH AND LIVER REMEDY.

Are not a drink used for intoxication, but a pure medicine and only used by people who are sick. They correct the secretions of the stomach and are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, etc.

MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS

Are not a drink used for intoxication, but a pure medicine and only used by people who are sick. They correct the secretions of the stomach and are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, etc. Thousands of certificates are in possession of the proprietor, giving perfect cures effected by these invaluable medicines and we warrant that they will do just what we have said or money will be refunded. It is simply asked that the afflicted will try them once, their use will convince the most skeptical.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS, $1 00 a Bottle. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere, or sent by mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. P. MILLS, Sole Proprietor.
85 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

ECONOMICAL FERTILIZER WITH POTASH.

Dorrance Street Meat Market.

THEODORE CORNELL, - Proprietor.

Beef, Mutton, Veal AND POULTRY. ALL FIRST CLASS.

Meats delivered promptly to all parts of the town.

No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, October 4th, 1888.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$407,971 67
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	30,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	53,701 41
Due from approved reserve agents	48,196 95
Due from other National Banks	1,521 19
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,857 76
Checks and other cash items	3,869 91
Bills of other Banks	1,819 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	10 70
Specie	13,753 10
Legal tender notes	15,000 0
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 0
Total	$615,385 65

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	92,220 00
Undivided profits	17,036 37
National Bank notes outstanding	25,000 00
Dividends unpaid	672 00
Individual deposits subject to check	370,319 56
Due to other National Banks	16,006 02
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,821 70
Total	$615,385 65

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 6th day of October, 1888.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
L. A. Hoguet,
John Burton,
Elwood Burton, } Directors

LADIES!

Do your own Dyeing, at Home, with

Peerless Dyes.

They will Dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or Non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by SERRILL DOUGLASS, druggist.

A. STANKOWITCH,

Tuner of Piano Fortes,

No. 1531 Vine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Orders Left at the "Gazette" Office will Receive Prompt Attention.

C. F. HERRMANN,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

Goods sold on Easy Payments.

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No. 12 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

Dr. Adams, Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide and Sulphuric Ether Always on Hand.

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Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth Street bel. Green, Philadelphia. Guarantees to cure you more quickly, safely and permanently than any advertising physician. All Special Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Pimples, Ulcers, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, etc. Acute cases 4-10 days. Relief at once. Send for book Truth, exposing frauds.

WARNING TO ALL SUFFERERS. Before placing yourself under any one's treatment write to me for the exposure of quacks, unscrupulous Physicians, and those pretending to being specialists; it will be more than wealth to you.

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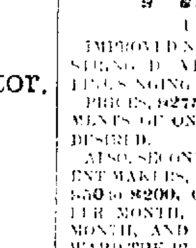

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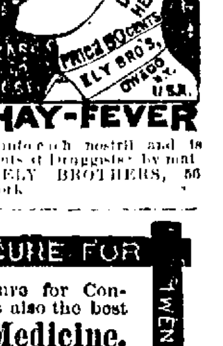

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